

MENAPHON:

Camillaes Alarum to slumbring
Eupheus in his melancholy Cell

at Silixedra.

*Wherein are desciphered, the variable
effects of Fortune, the wonders of Loue,
the triumphs of inconstant Time.*

*Displaying in sundry conceited passions (figured in a continue
Hystorie) the Trophees that Vertue carrieth triumphant,
mangre the wrath of Ennie, or the resolution of Fortune.*

A worke worthie the yongest eares for pleasure, or the
grauest censures for principles.

Robertus Greene, in artibus magister.

Omne tulit punctum.



LONDON

Printed by Valentine Summes for Nicholas
Ling. 1599.

C. 125. d. 32.

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To the Gentlemen Students of both Vniuersities.



Vrteous, and wise, whose iudgements (not entangled with envie) enlarge the desertes of the learned by your liberall censures: vouchsafe to welcome your scholier-like Shepheard with such Vniuersitie entertainement, as either the nature of your bountie, or the custome of your common ciuilitie may afford. To you he appeales that knew him *ab extrema pueritia*, whose *placet* he accounts the *plaudite* of his paines: thinking his day-labor was not altogether lausht *sine linea*, if there be any thing at all in it, that doth *olere atticum* in your estimate. I am not ignorant how eloquent our gowned age is growne of late, so that euery mœchanicall mate abhorreth the English he was borne too, and pluckes with a solemne periphrasis, his *ut vales* from the inkhorne: which I impute, not so much to the perfection of Arts, as to the seruile imitation of vaine-glorious Tragedians, who contend not so seriously to excell in action, as to embowell the clouds in a speech of comparison, thinking themselves more then initiated in Poets immortalitie, if they but once get *Boreas* by the beard, and the heavenly Bull by the deaw-lap. But herein I cannot so fully bequeath them to folly, as their ideot art-maisters, that intrude themselves to our eares as the Acumists of eloquence, who (mounted on the stage of arrogance) thinke to out-braue better pennes with the swelling bumbaste of a bragging blanke verse. Indeede it may be, the ingrafted ouerflow of some kil-cow conceit, that ouercloyeth their imagination with a more then drunken resolution, being not extemporall in the inuention of any other means to vent their manhood, commits the disgestion of their cholericke incumbrances, to the spacious volubilitie of a drumming decasillabon. Mongst this kind of men that repose eternitie in the mouth of a player, I can but ingrosse some deepe read Gram marians, who hauing

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no more learning in their skull, then will serue to take vp a commoditie, nor Art in their braine then was nourished in a seruing-mans idlenesse, will take vpon them to be the ironical Censors of all, when God and Poetrie doth know they are the simplest of all. To leaue all these to the mercy of their mother tongue, that feede on nought but the crummes that fall from the Translators trencher, I come (sweete friend) to thy *Arcadian Menaphon*, whose attire though not so stately, yet comely, doth intitle thee aboue all other, to that *temperatum dicendi genus*, which *Tullie* in his Orator termeth true eloquence. Let other men (as they please) praise the mountaine that in seuen yeares bringeth forth a mouse, or the Italianate pen, that of a packet of pil-fries, affoorde the presse a pamphlet or two in an age, and then in disguised array vaunts *Ouids* and *Plutarchs* plumes as their owne: but giue me the man, whose extemporall vaine in any humour, will excell our greatest Art-maisters deliberate thoughts, whose inuentions quicker than his eie, will challenge the proudest Rhetoritian, to the contention of like perfection, with like expedition. What is he amongst Students so simple, that can not bring forth (*tandem aliquando*) some or other thing singular, sleeping betwixt euery sentence? What is not *Maroes* twelue yeares toile, that so fained his twelue *Aeneidos*? Or *Peter Ramus* sixteene yeares paines that so praised his petty Logicke? How is it then, our drowping wittes should so wonder at an exquisite line, that was his maisters day-labour? Indeed I must needes say, the discending yeares from the Philosophers *Athens* haue not bin supplied with such present Orators, as were able in any English veine to be eloquent of their owne, but either they must borrow inuention of *Ariosto*, and his countymen, take vp choise of words by exchange in *Tullies Tusculane*, and the Latine Historiographers store-houses, similitudes nay whole sheets, and tractates *verbatim*, from the plentie of *Plutarch* and *Plinie*: and to conclude, their whole methode of writing, from the libertie of comical fictions, that haue succeeded to our Rhetoritians, by a
second

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second imitation, so that well may the Adage, *Nul dictum quod non dictum prius*, be the most iudiciall estimate of our later Writers. But the hunger of our vnfatiate humorists, being such as it is, ready to swallow all draffe without indifferēce, that insinuates it selfe to their senses vnder the name of delights, imploies oft times many thrid bare wittes, to emptie their inuention of their apish deuises, and talke most superficially of Pollicie, as those that neuer were gowne in the Vniuersitie, wherein they reuiue the old said Adage, *Sus Minervam*, and cause the wiser to quippe them with *Asinus ad lyram*. Would Gentlemen and riper iudgements admit my motion of moderation in a matter of folly, I would perswade them to Phisicke their faculties of seeing and hearing, as the Sabæans do their dulled senses with smelling, who (as *Strabo* reporteth) ouercloyed with such odoriferous saouours, as the naturall increase of their countrey (Balsamum, Amomum, with Myrrhe and Frankencense) sends forth, refresh their nostrilles with the vnsauorie scent of the pitchy slime, that *Euphrates* cast vp, and the contagious fumes of Goates beards burned: so would I haue them, being surfeited vnawares with the sweete society of eloquence, which the lauish of our copious language may procure, to vse the remedy of contraries, and recreate their rebated wittes, not as they did, with the scenting of slime or Goates beards burned, but with the ouersceing of that *sublime dicendi genus*, which walkes abroad for waste paper in ech seruing-mans pocket, and the otherwhile perusing of our Gothamists barbarisme, so should the opposite comparison of *Puritie* expell the infection of Absurditie, and their over-racked Rhetoricke, be the Ironical recreation of the Reader. But so farre discrepant is the idle vsage of our vnexperienced punies from this prescription, that a tale of Ioan a Brainfords will, and the vnlucky furmenty, will be as soone interteined into their libraries, as the best poeme that euer *Tasso* eternisht: which being the effect of an vndiscerning iudgement, make drosse as valuable as gold,

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and losse as welcome as gaine, the Glow-worme mentioned in *Aesops* fables, namely, the apes folly, to be mistaken for fire, when as God wot poore soules, they haue nought but their toyle for their heate, their paines for their sweate, and (to bring it to our English Prouerb) their labour for their trauell. Wherein I can but resemble them to the Panther, who is so greedie of mens excrements, that if they be hanged vp in a vessell higher than his reach, he sooner kills himselfe with the ouer-stretching of his windelesse body, then he will cease from his intended enterprise. Oft haue I obserued what I now set downe: a secular wit that hath liued all dayes of his life by, what doe you lacke? to be more iudiciall in matters of conceit, then our quadrant crepundious, that spit *ergo* in the mouth of euery one they meete: yet those and these are affectionate to dogged detracting, as the most poysonous *Pasquils* any durtie mouthed *Martin*, or *Momus* euer composed, is gathered vp with greedinesse before it fall to the ground, and bought at the deereft, though they smell of the friplers lauender halfe a yeare after: for I knowe not how the minde of the meanest is fed with this follie, that they impute singularity, to him that slaunders priuily, and count it a great peece of Art in an ink-horned man, in any tapsterly termes whatsoeuer, to oppose his superiours to enuy. I will not denie but in scholler-like matters of controuersie, a quicker stile may passe as commendable, and that a quip to an asse is as good as a goade to an oxe: but when the irregular ideot, that was vp to the eares in diuinitie, before euer he met with *probabile* in the Vniuersitie, shall leaue *pro & contra* before he can scarcely pronounce it, and come to correct common-weales, that neuer heard of the name of Magistrate before he came to *Cambridge*, it is no meruaile if euery alehouse vaunt the table of the world turned ypside downe, since the child beateh his father, and the asse whippeth his maister. But lest I might seeme with these night-crowes, *Nimis curiosus in aliena republica*, I will turne backe to my first text, of Studies of Delight, and talke a little in friendship with a few of our

triuial

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triuall translators. It is a common practise nowadayes amongest a sort of shifting companions, that runne through euerie Art, and thriue by none, to leaue the trade of *Nonerint* whereto they were borne, and busie themselves with the indeuours of Art, that could scarcely latinize their necke verse if they shoulde haue neede: yet English *Seneca* read by candle-light yeeldes many good sentences, as *Blood is a beggar*, and so foorth: and if you intreate him faire in a frostie morning, hee will affoorde you whole hamlets, I should say, handfuls of tragicall speeches. But O grieve! *tempus edax rerum*, whats that will last alwaies? The sea exhaled by droppes will in continuance be drie, and *Seneca* let blood line by line, and page by page, at length must needes die to our stage: which makes his famished followers to imitate the Kid in *Aesop*, who enamoured with the Foxes newfangles, forsooke all hopes of life to leape into a newe occupation: and these men renouncing all possibilities of credite or estimation, to intermeddle with Italian translations: wherein, how poorely they haue plodded, (as those that are neither puerzal-men, nor are able to distinguish of Articles,) let all indifferent Gentlemen that haue trauelled in that tongue, discerne by their two-pennie Pamphlets: and no maruell though their home-borne mediocritie bee such in this matter, for what can bee hoped of those, that thrust *Elisium* into hell, and haue not learned so long as they haue lined in the spheres, the iust measure of the horizon without an hexameter. Sufficeth them to bodge vp a blanke verse with ifs and ands, and otherwhile for recreation after their Candle stuffe, hauing starched their beards most curiously, to make a peripateticall path into the inner partes of the Cittie, and spend two or three houres in turning ouer French *Dowdie*, where they attract more infection in one minute, then they can doe eloquence all dayes of their life, by conuersing with any Authours of like argument. But lest in this declamatorie vaine, I should condemne all, and commend none, I will propound to your learned imitation, those men of import, that haue laboured

laboured with credite in this laudable kinde of Translati-
on. In the forefront of whom, I cannot but place that aged
father *Erasmus*, that inuested most of our Greeke Wry-
ters in the robes of the auncient Romanes, in whose traces,
Philip Melancthon, *Sadolet*, *Plantine*, and manie other re-
uerent Germanes insisting, haue reedified the ruines of our
decayed Libraries, and maruailously enriched the Latine
tongue with the expence of their toyle. Not long after,
their emulation beeing transported into England, euey
priuate scholer, *William Turner*, and who not, beganne to
vaunt their sinattering of Latini, in English impressions.
But amongst others in that age, sir *Thomas Eliots* elegance
did seuer it selfe from all equalles, although sir *Thomas*
Moore with his comicall wit, at that instant was not alto-
gether idle: yet was not knowledge fullie confirmed in
her Monarchie amongst vs, till that most famous and for-
tunate Nurse of all learning, Saint *Iohns* in *Cambridge*, that
at that time was as an Vniuersitie within it selfe, shining so
farre aboue all other houses, halles, and hospitalles whatso-
euer, that no Colledge in the Towne, was able to com-
pare with the tithe of her Students, hauing (as I haue
heard graue men of credite report) moe Candles light in it,
euerie Winter morning before foure of the clocke, then
the foure of the clocke bell gaue strokes, till she (I say) as
a pittying mother, put to her helping hande, and sent from
her fruitfull wombe, sufficient Schollers, both to support
her owne weale, as also to supply all other inferiour foun-
dations defects, and namelie, that royall erection of Tri-
nitie Colledge, which the Vniuersitie Orator, in an Epi-
stle to the Duke of Somerset, aptly tearmed *Colona diducta*,
from the suburbes of Saint *Iohns*. In which extraordina-
rie conception; *una partu in rempublicam prodiere*, the Ex-
chequer of eloquence sir *Iohn Cheeke*, a man of men, su-
pernaturally traded in all tongs, sir *Iohn Maſon*, doctor *Wat-*
son, *Redman*, *Ascam*, *Grindall*, *Leuer*, *Pilkinton*: all which
haue either by their priuate readings, or publique workes,
repurged the errours of Arte, expelled from their puritie,
and

and set before our eyes a more perfect methode of studie. But howe ill their precepts haue prospered with our idle age, that leaue the fountaines of Sciences, to followe the Riuers of Knowledge, their ouer-fraught studies, with trifling compendiarie may testifie: for I know not howe it commeth to passe, by the doating practise of our diuinitie dunces, that strue to make their pupilles pulpet-men, before they are reconciled to *Triscian*: but those yeares which should be employed in *Aristotle*, are expired in Epitomes, and well too, they may haue so much Catechisme vacation, to take vp a little refuse philosophie. And here I could enter into a large felde of inuective against our abiect abbreviations of Arts, were it not growne to a new fashion among our Nation to vaunt the pride of contraction in euerie manuarie action: insomuch, that the *Pater noster*, which was wont to fill a sheete of paper, is written in the compasse of a pennie: whereupon one merily assumed that prouerbe to be deriued, *No pennie, no pater noster*. Which their nice curtailing putteth me in minde of the custome of the Scythians, who if they bee at any time distressed with famine, take in their girdles shorter, and swaddle themselves straiter, to the intent, no *vacuum* being left in their intrailles, hunger should not so much tyrannize ouer their stomackes: euen so these men oppressed with a greater penurie of Art, doe pound their capacitie in barren compendiums, and bound their base humours in the beggarly straits of a hungrie *Analysis*, lest longing after that *infinitum* which the pouertie of their conceit cannot compassse, they sooner yeeld vppe their youth to destinie, than their heart to vnderstanding. How is it then, such bungling practitioners in principles, should euer profite the common-wealth by their negligent paines, who haue no more cunning in Logicke or dialogue Latine, than appertaines to the literall construction of either: neuerthelesse, it is dayly apparant to our domesticall eyes, that there is none so forward to publish their imperfections, either in the trade of glose or translations, as those that are more

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vnlearned than ignorance, and lesse conceiuing than infants. Yet dare I not impute absurditie to all of that societie, although some of them haue set their names to their simplicity. Who euer my priuate opinion condemneth as faulty, *M. Gascoigne* is not to be abridged of his deserued esteeme, who first beat the path to that perfection which our best Poets haue aspired to since his departure, where- to he did ascend, by comparing the Italian with the English, as *Tullie* did *Græcæ cum Latinis*. Neither was *M. Turbeville* the worst of his time, though in translating he attributed too much to the necessitie of time. And in this page of praise, I cannot omit aged *Arthur Golding*, for his industrious toile in Englishing *Onids Metamorphosis*, besides many other exquisite editions of diuinitie, turned by him out of the French tongue into our owne. Master *Phaer* likewise is not to be forgot, in regard of his famous *Virgil*, whose heauenly verse, had it not bin blemished by his haucie thoughts, England might haue long insulted his witte, and *corrigeat qui potest* haue bin subscribed to his woorkes. But Fortune, the mistresse of change, with a pittying compassion, respecting master *Stanbursts* praise, would that *Phaer* should fall that he might rise, whose heroicall poetry infired, I should say inspired with an hexameter fury, recalled to life, what euer hissed barbarisme hath bin buried this C. yeare: and reuiued by his ragged quill, such carterly varietie, as no hodge plowman in a countrey but would haue held as the extremitie of clownery: a patterne whereof I will propound to your iudgements, as neare as I can, being part of one of his descriptions of a tempest, which is thus.

Then did he make heauens vault to rebound, with rounce robble hobble
Of ruffe raffe roaring, with thwicke thwacke thurlerie bouncing.

Which strange language of the firmament, neuer subject before to our common phrase, makes vs that are not vsed to terminate heauens moouing in the accents of any voyce, esteeme of their triobulare interpreter, as of some
Thraso-

Students.

Thraſonicall huſſe ſnuſſe, for ſo terrible was his ſtile to all milde eares, as woulde haue affrighted our peaceable Poets from intermedling hereafter, with that quarrelling kinde of verſe, had not ſweete maſter *France*, by his excellent tranſlation of maſter *Thomas Watſons* ſugred *Amin- tas*, animated their dulled ſpirites, to ſuch high witted in- deuours. But I knowe not how, their ouer-timerous cowar- diſe hath ſtoode in awe of enuie, that no man ſince him durſt imitate anie of the woorſt of thoſe Roman wonders in Engliſh: which makes mee thinke, that either the louers of mediocritie are verie manie, or that the number of good Poets are verie ſmall: and in trueth, (maſter *Watſon* ex- cept, whom I mentioned before) I knowe not almoſt any of late dayes, that hath ſhewed himſelfe ſingular in any ſpeciall latine Poem: whoſe *Amin- tas*, and tranſlated *Antigone* may march in equipage of honour, with any of our ancient Po- ets; I will not ſay but we had a *Haddon*, whoſe pen would haue challenged the Lawrell from *Homer*, together with *Carre*, that came as neere him as *Virgil* to *Theocritus*. But *Thomas Newton* with his *Leiland*, and *Gabriel Harney*, with two or three other, is almoſt all the ſtore that is left vs at this houre. Epitaphers, and poſition poets, we haue more than a good manie, that ſwarmelike Crowes to a dead car- kaſſe, but flie like ſwallowes in the winter, from any con- tinueate ſubieſt of wit. The efficient whereof, I imagine to iſſue from the vpſtart diſcipline of our reformatorie Churchmen, who account wit vanitie, and poetrie impietie: whoſe errour, although the neceſſitie of philoſophie might confute, which lies cowched moſt cloſely vnder darke fa- bles profunditie, yet I had rather referre it as a diſputatiue plea to diuines, then ſet it downe as a determinate poſiti- on in my vnexperienced opinion. But howeuer their diſſentious iudgements ſhould decree in their after noone ſeſſions of *an ſit*, the priuate truth of my diſcouered creed in this controuerſie is this, that as that beaſt was thought ſcarce woorthie to bee ſacrificed to the *Ægyptian Epaphus*, who had not ſome or other blacke ſpot on his ſkinne: ſo I

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dreame him farre vnworthie the name of a Scholler, and consequently to sacrifice his endeouours to Art, that is not a poet, either in whole or in part. And here peradventure, some desperate quipper, will canvaze my purposed comparison *Plus ultra*, reconciling the allusion of the blacke spot, to the blacke pot, which maketh our poets vndermeale Muses so mutinous, as euery stanza they pen after dinner, is full pointed with a stabbe. Which their dagger drunkenesse, although it might be excused with, *tam Marti, quam Mercurio*, yet will I couer it as well as I may with that prouerbiall *fecundi calices*, that might well haue bin doore-keeper to the kanne of *Silenus*, when nodding on his Asse trapped with iuie, he made his moist noscloth the pawling *intermedium* twixt euery nap. Let frugal Schollers, and fine fingered nouices, take their drinke by the ounce, and their wine by the halfe penny-worths, but it is for a Poet to examine the pottle pots, and gage the bottome of whole gallons *qui bene vult potare, debet ante prandere*. A pot of blew burning ale, with a fierie flaming taste, is as good as *Pallas* with the nine Muses on *Parnassus* top: without the which, in vaine may they crie, O thou my Muse, inspire me with some pen, when they want certaine liquid sacrifice to rowze her forth her den. Pardon me (Gentlemen) though somewhat merrily I glaunce at their immoderate folly, who affirme, that no man writes with conceit, except he take counsell of the cup: nor would I haue you thinke, that *theonino dente*, I arme my stile against all, since I do know the moderation of many Gentlemen of that study, to be so farre from infamie, as their verse from equalitie: whose sufficiencie, were it as well seene into, by those of higher place, as it wanders abroad vnrewarded in the mouthes of vngratefull monsters, no doubt but the remembrance of *Mecenas* liberalitie extended to *Maro*, and men of like qualitie, would haue left no memory to that prouerb of Rouertie, *Si nihil attuleris, ibis Homere foras*. Tush say our English Italians, the finest wittes our climate sends forth are but drie brained doltes

in comparison of other countries: whome if you interrupt with *redde rationem*, they will tell you of *Petrarch*, *Tasso*, *Celiano*, with an infinite number of others, to whom if I should oppose *Chaucer*, *Lydgare*, *Gower*, with such like, that liued vnder the tyrannie of ignorance, I doe thinke their best louers would be much discontented, with the collation of contraries, if I should write ouer all their heads, Haile fellow, well met. One thing I am sure of, that each of these three, haue vaunted their meeters, with as much admiration in English, as euer the proudest *Arioste* did his verse in Italian. What should I come to our Court, where the otherwhile vacations of our grauer Nobilitie are prodigal of more pompous witte, and choice of words, than euer tragicke *Tasso* could attaine to: but as for pastorall poems, I will not make the comparison, lest our countrymens credite should be discountenanced by the contention, who although they cannot fare with such inferiour facilitie, yet I know would carrie the bucklers full easily from all forraine brauers, if their *subiectum circa quod*, should fauor of any thing hautie. And should the challenge of deepe conceit be intruded by any forrainer, to bring our English wittes to the touchstone of Art, I would preferre diuine master *Spencer*, the myracle of wit to bandie line by line for my life, in the honour of England, against Spaine, France, Italie and all the world. Neither is he the onely Swallow of our summer, (although *Apello*, if his *Tripes* were vp againe would pronounce him his *Socrates*) but he being forborne, there are extant about London, many most able men, to reuiue Poetry, though it were executed ten thousand times, as in *Platoes*, so in Puritanes commonwealth, as for example, *Mathew Roydon*, *Thomas Atchlam*, and *George Peete*, the first of whom, as he hath shewed himselfe singular in the immortall Epitaph of his beloued *Astrophel*, besides many other most absolute comike inuentions (made more publike by euery mans praise, than they can be by my speech) so the second hath more than once or twice manifested his deepe witted schollership in

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places of credite : and for the last , though not the least of them all , I dare commend him vnto all that know him , as the chiefe supporter of pleasure nowe liuing , the *Atlas* of Poetrie , and *primus verborum Artifex* : whose first increase , the arraignment of *Paris* might pleade to your opinions , his pregnant dexteritie of witte , and manifolde varietie of inuention , wherein (*me induce*) hee goeth a steppe beyond all that write . Sundrie other sweete Gentlemen I doe knowe , that haue vaunted their pennies in priuate deuises , and tricked vpp a companie of taffata fooles with their feathers , whose beautie , if our Poets had not pecked with the supplie of their periwigges , they might haue antickt it vntill this time vp and downe the Countrey with the King of Fairies , and dined euery day at the pease porredge ordinarie with *Detfrigus* . But *Tolossa* hath forgotten that it was sometime sacked , and beggars that euer they carried their fardels on foot backe : and in trueth no maruaile , whenas the deserued reputation of one *Roscius* , is of force to enrich a rabble of counterfeits . Yet let subiectes for all their insolence , dedicate a *De profundis* euerie morning to the preservation of their *Cesar* , lest their increasing indignities returne them ere long to their iugling mediocritie , and they bewayle in weeping blankes , the wane of their Monarchie . As Poetrie hath beene honoured in those her torenamed professors , so it hath not beene anie whitte disparaged by *William Warners* absolute *Albions* . And heere Authoritie hath made a full poynt : in whose reuerence insisting I cease o oppose to your sport the picture of those Pamphleters and Poets , that make a patrimonie of *In speech* , and more then a yoonger brothers inheritance of their *Abbie* . Reade fauourable , to encourage mee in the firstlings of my follie , and perswade your selues , I will persecute those idiots and their heires vnto the third generation , that haue made Arte bankerout of her ornaments , and sent Poetrie a begging vp and downe the Countrey . It may bee , my *Anatomic of Absurdities* may acquaint you
ere

Students.

ere long with my skill in surgery, wherein the diseases of
Art more merrily discovered, may make our maymed
Poets put together their blankes vnto the building of an
Hospitall. If you chance to meete it in *Pauls*, shaped in a
new sute of similitudes, as if like the eloquent appren-
tice of *Plutarch*, it were popped at seuen yeares end in
double apparrell, thinke his maister hath fulfilled co-
uenants, and onely cancelled the Indentures of dutie.
If I please, I will thinke my ignorance indebted vnto you
that applaude it : if not, what restes, but that I be
excluded from your curtesie, like
Apocripha from your
Bibles?

Howeuer, Yours euer.

Thomas Nash.

Delicious wordes the life of wanton wit,
 That doth inspire our soules with sweete content,
 Why hath your father Hermes thought it fit
 Mine eyes should surfet by my hearts consent?
 Full twentie Summers haue I fading seene,
 And twentie Floraes in their golden guise:
 Yet neuer vewde I such a pleasant Greene,
 As this whose garmsht gleades comparde deuise.
 Of all the floweres a Lillie once I lou'd,
 Whose labouring beantie brancht it selfe abroad:
 But now old age his glorie hath remou'd,
 And greener objects are mine eyes abroad,
 No countrey to the downes of Arcadie,
 Where Aganippos euer springing welles
 Doe moyst the Meades with bubbling melodie,
 And makes me muse what more in Delos dwells.
 There feedes our Menaphon cetestiall Muse,
 There makes his Pipe his pastorall report:
 Which strained now a note aboue his vse,
 Fore-tels bee'le nere more chaunt of Thoacs sport.
 Reade all that list, and reade till you mislike,
 To condemne who can so Enue be not Iudge:
 No, reade who can well more higher lest it shricke.
 Robin thou hast done well, care not who grudge.

Henrie Vpcher.

Greenes *Arcadia*

The reports of the Shepheards.

After that the wrath of mightie Ioue had
wrought Arcadia with noysome pestilence, inso-
much that the ayre yelding pzeiudiciall sa-
uours, seemed to be peremptorie in some fatall
resolution, Democles soueraigne and king of that fa-
mous Continent, pittying the sinifter accidentes of his
people, being a man as iust in his censures, as royall
in his possessions, as careful for the weale of his coun-
try, as the countenance of his diademe, thinking that
vnepeopled cities were corrosiues to Princes consciences,
that the strength of his subiects was the sinewes of his do-
minions, and that euery crowne must containe a care, not
only to winne honoꝝ by foꝛeine conquests, but in main-
teining dignity with ciuil and domestical insights. Demo-
cles grounding his arguments vpon these pꝛemisses, co-
ueting to be counted *Pater patrie*, calling a parliament
together, whither all his Nobilitie incited by summons,
made their repaire, elected two of his chiefe Lordes to
passe vnto Delphos, at Apollos Oracle to heare the fatall
sentence, either of their future miserie, oꝛ pꝛesent remedie.
They hauing their charge, posting from Arcadia to the
Tripod where Pithia sat, the sacred Pimph that deli-
uered out Apollos *Dylonimas*, offering (as their maner is)
their orizons and pꝛesentes as well to intreate by deuo-
tion, as to perswade by bountie, they had returned from
Apollo this daime.

When Neptune riding on the Southerne seas,
Shall from the bosome of his Lemman yeeld,
Th' *arcadian* wonder, men and Gods to please:
Plentie in pride shall march amidst the field,
Dead men shall warre, and vnborne babes shall frowne,
And with their fawchons hew their foemen downe:
When Lambs haue Lions for their surest guide,
And plannets rest vpon th' *Arcadian* hils:

¶

When

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When swelling seas haue neither ebbe nor tide,
When equall bankes the Ocean margine fills.

Then looke *Arcadians* for a happie time,
And sweete content within your troubled clime.

No sooner had Pithia deliuered this scroll to the Lordes of Arcadie, but they departed and brought it to Democles, who causing the Oracle to be read amongst his distressed commons, found the Delphian censure moze full of doubts to amaze, than fraught with hope to comfort; thinking rather that the angrie God sent a peremptorie presage of ruine, than a probable ambiguitie to applaud any hope of remedie; yet loath to haue his careful subiects fall into the balefull Labozinth of despaire, Democles beganne to discourse vnto them, that the interpreters of Apollos secrets were not the conceits of humane reason, but the successe of long expected euent that comets did portend at the first blaze, but tooke effect in the dated bosome of the destinies; that Oracles were foretold at the Delphian cave, but were shapte out and finished in the Counsell house. With such perswasive argumentes Democles appeased the distressed thoughts of his doubtfull countrymen, and commaunded by proclamation that no man shuld pry into the quiddities of Apollos answer, lest sundry censures of his diuine secrecie should trouble Arcadia with some sodaine mutinie. The king thus smothering the heate of his cares, rested a melancholie man in his courts; hiding vnder his head the double faced figure of Ianus, as well to cleare the skies of other mens conceits with smiles, as to furnish out his own dumps with thoughts. But as other beastes leuell their looks at the countenance of the lion, and birds make wing as the Eagles flie: so *Regis ad arbitrium totus componitur orbis*: the people were measured by the minde of the soueraigne, and what stormes soeuer they smothered in priuate conceit, yet they made hape, and cried holidaie in outward appearance: insomuch that euery man repaired to his owne home, and fell either vnto pleasures or labours.

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labours, as their living or content allowed them.

Whiles thus Arcadia rested in a silent quiet, Menaphon the Kings shepheard, a man of high account among the Swaines of Arcadia, loued of the Nymphes, as the paragon of all their countrey yongsters, walking solitarie downe to the shoze, to see if any of his ewes and lambes were stragled downe to the strond to browse on sea ibie, whereof they take speciall delight to feede; he found his flockes gazing vpon the Promontorie Mountaines hardlie: whereon resting himselfe on a hill that ouer-pierced the great Mediterraneum, noting how Phoebus fetched his *Lanatos* on the purple plaines of Neptunus, as if he had meant to haue courted Thetis in the roialtie of his robes: the Dolphines (the swæte conceiters of musicke) fetcht their carrers on the calmed waues, as if Arion had touched the strings of his silver sounding instrument: the Mermaides thrusting their heads from the bosome of Amphitrite, sate on the mounting banks of Neptune, drying their watric tresses in the sunne-beames. Æolus forbore to throw abroad his guesstes on the slumbering blowes of the Sea-God, as giuing Triton leaue to pleasure his Quæne with desired melodie, and Porteus libertie to follow his flockes without disquiet.

Menaphon looking ouer the champion of Arcadie to see if the Continent were as full of smiles, as the seas were of fauours, saw the shrubbes as in a dreame with delightful harmonie, and the birdes that chaunted on their branches not disturbed with the least breath of a fauourable Zephyrus. Seeing thus the accoord of the land and sea, casting a fresh gaze on the water Nymphes, he began to consider how Venus was faigned by the Poets to spring of the froth of the seas, which dreame him straight into a deep coniecture of the inconstancy of loue, that as if Luna were his load-starre, had euerie minute ebbes and tides, sometime overflowing the banks of Fortune with a gracious looke lightned from the eyes of a fauourable loue, otherwhiles ebbing to the dangerous shelle of despaire, with the pier-

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cing frowne of a froward Distresse. Menaphon in this browne studie, calling to mynde certaine Aphorismes that Anarreon had pend downe as principles of Loues follies, being as deepe an enemye to fancie, as Narcissus was to affection, began thus to scoffe at Venus Deitie.

Menaphon, thy mindes fauours are greater than thy wealths fortunes, thy thoughts higher than thy birth, and thy priuate conceit better than thy publique esteeme. Thou art a shepheard Menaphon, who in feeding of thy flocks findest out natures secreete, and in preventing thy lambs prejudice, conceitest the astronomical motions of the heauens: holding thy sheepe-walks to yeld as great Philosophy, as the Ancients discourse in their learned Academies. Thou countest laboꝝ, as the Indians do their Chrysocola where with they trie euery mettall, and thou examine euery action. Content sitteth in thy mind as Neptune in his Throne, who with his trident mace appealeth euery storm. When thou seest the heauens frowne, thou thinkest on thy faults, and a cleere skie putteth thee in mind of grace: the summers gloꝛie tels thee of youths vanitie, & winters parched leaues of ages declining weaknesse. Thus in a mirror thou measurest thy doeds with equall and considerate motions, & by being a shepheard findest that which kings want in their roialties. Enuy ouerlooketh thee, reting with the winds the Pine trees of Ida, when the Affricke shrubs waue not a leafe with the tempests. Thine eyes are vaild with content, that thou canst not gaze so high as ambition: and foꝝ loue: & with that in naming of loue, the shepheard fell into a great laughter. Loue Menaphon, why of all follies that euer Poets fained, oꝝ men euer faulted with, this foolish imaginat: on of loue is the greatest: Venus foꝝsooth foꝝ her wanton escapes must be a goddesse, and hir bastard a Deity: Cupid must be yong and euer a boy to pꝛoue that loue is fond and witleffe, wings to make him inconstant, & arrowes whereby to shew him feareful: blind (oꝝ all were not woꝝth a pin) to pꝛoue that Cupids leuell is both without aime and reason: thus is the God, and such are his Votaries

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aries. As soone as our shepheards of Arcadie settle themselves to fancy, and were the characters of Venus stamp in their foreheads, straight their attire must be quaint, their looks full of amors, as their Gods quiver is full of arrows: their eyes holding smiles and teares, to leape out at their Mistris fauours or her frownes: sighs must flie as figures of their thoughts, & every wrinkle must be tempered with a passion: thus suted in outward proportion, and made excellent in inward constitution, they straight repaire to take view of their Mistris beautie. She as one obseruant vn to Venus principles, first tieth loue in her tresses, and waps affection in the framells of her haire; snaring our swains in her locks, as Mars in the net, holding in her forehead Fortunes Calender, either to assigne dismall influence, or some fauourable aspect. If a wrinkle appeare in hir brow, then our shepheard must put on his working day face, and frame naught but doleful madrigals of sorrow; if a dimple grace her cheek, the heauens cannot proue fall to our kindhearted louers; if she seeme coy, then poemes of death mounted vpon deepe drawn sighes flie from their maister to sue for some fauour, alleaging how death at the least may date his misery: to be briebe, as vpon the shoares of Lapanthe the windes continue neuer one day in one quarter, so the thoughtes of a louer neuer continue scarce a minute in one passion; but as Fortunes globe, so is Fancies case, variable and inconstant.

If louers sorrowes then be like Sifiphus turmoiles, and their fauours like honnie bought with gall; let poore Menaphon then liue at laboz, and make esteeme of Venus as of Mars his concubine; and as the Cimbrians hold their idols in account but in every tempest, so make Cupid a God, but when thou art ouer-pained with passions, and that Menaphon wil neuer loue, for as long as thou temperest thy handes with labours, thou canst not fetter thy thoughts with loues. And in this Satyrical humour smiling at his owne conceits, he take his pipe in his hand,

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and betwene euerie report of his instrument, sung a Stanzo to this effect.

Menaphons Song.

Some say loue
Foolish loue,
Doth rule and gouerne all the gods:
I say loue,
Inconstant loue,
Sets mens fences farre at ods.
Some sweare loue
Smooth'd face loue,
Is sweetest sweete that men can haue:
I say loue,
Sower loue,
Makes vertue yeeld as beauties slaue.
A bitter sweete, a follie worst of all
That forceth wisdom to be follies thrall:
Loue is sweete,
Wherein sweete?
In fading pleasures that doe paine:
Beautie sweete,
Is that sweete,
That yeelds sorrow for a gaine?
If loue's sweete
Herein sweete,
That minutes ioyes are monthly woes:
Tis not sweete,
That is sweete,
No where, but where repentance growes.
Then loue who list if beautie be so sower,
Labour for me, Loue rest in Princes bower.

Menaphon hauing ended his roundelay, rose vp, thinking to passe from the mountaine downe to the valley, casting his eie to the sea side, espied certaine fragments of a broken ship floating vpon the waues, and sundrie persons driuen vpon the shore like a calme, walking all wet and weary

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wearie vpon the sands, wondring at this strange sight, he
stode amazed; yet desirous to see the euent of this accident,
he shrowded himselfe to rest vnespied till he might per-
ceiue what would happen: at last he might descrie it was
a woman holding a child in her armes, and an olde man
directing her as it were her guide. These thre (as dis-
tressed wackes) preserved by some further sozpointing
fate, coueted to cline the mountaine, the better to vse
the fauour of the sunne, to drie their drenched apparell; at
last crawled vp where poze Menaphon lay close, and
resting them vnder a bush, the olde man did nothing but
send out sighs, and the woman ceased not from streaming
forth riuolets of teares, that hung on her cheekes like the
doppes of pearled dew vpon the riches of Flora. The
poze babe was the touch-stone of his mothers passions:
for when he smiled and lay laughing in her lap, were her
heart neuer so deeply ouercharged with her present soz-
rowes; yet kissing the prettie infant, she lightned out
smiles from those cheekes that were furrowed with con-
tinuall sources of teares: but if he cried, then sighes as
smokes, and sobs as thundercracks, sozerranne those show-
ers, that which redoubled distresse distilled from her eies:
thus with prettie inconstant passions trimming vp her
babie, and at last to lull him asleepe, she warbled out of her
wofull bzeast this dittie.

Sephestias song to her Childe.

Weepe not my wanton, smile vpon my knee,
When thou art old there's grieve enough for thee.

Mothers wagge, prettie boy,
Fathers sorrow, fathers ioy:
When thy father first did see,
Such a boy by him and me.
He was glad, I was woe,
Fortune changde made him so:
When he had left his prettie,
Last his sorrow, first his ioy.

Weepe

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Weepe not my wanton, smile vpon my knee:
When thou art old there's griefe enough for thee.

Streaming teares that neuer stint,
Like pearle drops from a flint:
Fell by course from his eies,
That one anothers place supplies:
Thus he griued in euery part,
Teares of bloud fell from his heart,
When he left his prettie boy,
Fathers sorrow, fathers ioy.

Weepe not my wanton, smile vpon my knee:
When thou art old there's griefe enough for thee.

The wanton smilde, father wept,
Mother cride, babie lept:
More he crownde, more he cride,
Nature could not sorrow hide.
He must goe, he must kisse,
Child and mother, babie blisse:
For he left his prettie boy,
Fathers sorrow, fathers ioy.

Weepe not my wanton, smile vpon my knee,
When thou art old there's griefe enough for thee.

With this lullabie the babie fell asleepe, and Sephestia laying it vpon the green grasse couered it with a mantle, & then leaning hir head on hir hand, and hir elbow on hir lap she fel afresh to poure forth abundance of plaints, which Lamedon the old man espying, although in his face appeared the map of discontent, and in euery wrinkle was a catalogue of woes, yet to chere vp Sephestia, shewding his inward sorrow with an outward smile, he began to comfort her in this manner.

Sephestia, thou seest no phisicke preuailes against the gaze of the Basilisks, no charme against the sting of the Tarantula, no preuention to diuert the decre of the Fates, nor no meanes to recal backe the baleful hurt of Fortune: Incurable sores are without Auicens Aphorismes, and there

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therefoze no salue for them but patience. When, my Sephestia, sitth thy fall is high, and fortune low: thy sorrows great, and thy hope little: seeing me partaker of thy miseries, set all vpon this, *Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris*. Chance is like Ianus, double faced, as well ful of smiles to comfort, as of frownes to dismay: the Ocean at his dearest ebbe returns to a full tide, when the eagle means to soare highest, he raiseth his flight in the lowest dales: so fareth it with fortune who in her highest extreames is most vnconstant: when the tempest of her wrath is most feareful, then looke for a calme: when she beates thee with nettles, then thinke she will strewe thee with roses: when she is most familiar with furies, her intent is to be most prodigall, Sephestia. Thus are the arrows of fortune feathered with the plumes of the bird Halcyon, that changeth colours with the moone, which howsoeuer she shotes them, pierce not so deepe but they may be cured. But Sephestia, thou art daughter to a king, exiled by him from the hope of a crowne, banisht from the pleasures of the court to the painefull fortunes of the country, parted for loue from him thou canst not but loue, from Maximus, Sephestia, who for thee hath suffered so manie disfaours, as either discontent or death can afforde. What of all this, is not Hope the daughter of Time? Haue not starres their fauourable aspects, as they haue froward opposition? Is there not a Iupiter as there is a Saturne? Cannot the influence of smiling Venus, stretch as farre as the frowning constitution of Mars? I tell thee Sephestia, Iuno foldeth in her bowes the volumes of the Destinies, whom melancholie Saturne deposeth from a Crowne, she mildlie aduanceth to a Diademe, then feare not, for if the mother liue in miserie, yet hath she a scepter for the sonne: let the unkindnesse of thy father be buried in the cinders of obedience, and the want of Maximus be supplied with the presence of his pretty babe, who being too yong for fortune, lies smiling on thy knee and laughes at fortune: learne by him Sephestia to vse patience, which is like the balme in the vale of Ichofaphat, that findeth no wound so deepe,

D

but

but it cureth: thou seest alreadie Fortune begins to change her hiew, for after the great storme that rent our ship, we found a calme that brought vs safe to shore: the mercie of Neptune was more than the enuie of Aeolus, & the discourtage of thy father is proportioned with the fauour of the gods. Thus (Sephestia) being copartner of thy miserie, yet doe I seeke to allay thy martirdome: being sicke to my self, yet do I play the Physitian to thee, wishing thou maist beare thy sorowes with as much content, as I brooke my misfortunes with patience. As he was ready to go forward with his perswasive argument, Sephestia fetching a deepe sigh, filling her tender eies with teares, made this replie.

Sweet Lamedon, once partner of my roialties, now partaker of my wants, as constant in his extream distresse, as faithfull in higher fortunes: the Turtle pearketh not on barren trees, Doves delight not in foule cottages, the Lion frequents no putrified haunts, friends follow not after pouertie, nor hath sinister chance anie drugs from the physicians, *Nullus ad amissas ibit amicus opes*: and yet Lamedon, the misfortune of Sephestia abridgeth not our old contracted amitie, thou temperest her exile with thy banishment, and she sailing to Six, thou ferriest ouer to Phlegeton: then Lamedon, saying as Andromache saide to Hector, *Tu Dominus, tu vir, tu mihi frater eris*: Thy aged yeeres shalbe the calender of my fortunes, and thy graie haire the Paralels of mine actions. If Lamedon perswade Sephestia to content, Portia shall not exceede Sephestia in patience; if he will her to keepe a low saile, she wil baile al her sheate, if to forget her lones, she will quench them with labours, if to accuse Venus as a foe, I wil hate Cupid as an enemy: and seeing the Destinies haue driuen thee from a crowne, I wil rest satisfied with the cuntry, placing al my delights in honoring thee, and nursing vp my prettie wanton. I wil imagine a smal cottage to be a spacious pallace, and think as great quiet in a russet coat, as in roial habiliments: Sephestia, Lamedon wil not scoone with Iuno to turn her self into the shape of Semeles nurse, but unknown
rest

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rest carelesse of my fortunes: the hope of times returne shall be the end of my thoughts, the smiles of my son shall be the nourishment of my heart, and the course of his youth shall be the comfort of my yeares, exerie laughter that leapes from his lookes, shall be the holidaie of my conceites, and euerie teare shall furnish out my griefes, and his fathers funerals. I haue heard them saie Lamedon, that the lowest shrubbes feelee the least tempests, and in the valleyes of Affrica is heard no thunder, that in countrie rooms is greatest rest, and in little wealth the least disquiet: dignitie treadeth vpon glasse, and honour is like vnto the herbe Synara, that when it blometh most gorgeous, then it blaketh: *Aulica vita splendida miseria*, Courtes haue golden dreames, but cottages swete slumbers: then Lamedon, will I disguise my selfe, with my cloathes will I change my thoughts; for being poorly attired, I wil be meanely minded, and measure my actions by my present estate, not by former fortunes. In saying this the babe awakt and cried, and she fell to teares mixed with a lullabie.

All this while Menaphon sate amongst the shrubs firing his eyes on the glorious object of hir face, he noted her tresses, which he compared to the coloured Hiacinth of Arcadia, her browes to the mountain snows that lies on the hills, her eyes to the graie glister of Titans gorgeous mantle, hir alabaster necke to the whitenesse of his flocks, her teares to pearle, her face to borders of lillies interseamed with roses: to be brieife, our shepheard Menaphon that heretofore was an Atheist to loue, and as the Thessalian of Bacchus, so he a contemner of Venus, was now by the wilie shaft of Cupid so intangled in the perfection and beuteous excellencie of Sephestia; as now he swoze, no benigne Plannet but Venus, no God but Cupid, no exquisite deitie but Loue. Being thus fettered with the pliant perswasions of fancie, impatient in his new affections, as the horse that neuer before felt the spurre, he could not bide his new conceived amors, but watching when they should depart, perceiuing by the gestures of the old man, and the teares of the Gentlewoman,

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the woman, that they were distressed, thought to offer anie help that lay within the compasse of his abilitie. As thus he mused in his new passions, Lamedon and Sephestia rose vp, and resolved to take their course which waie the winde blew : passing so towne the mountaine to goe seeke out some towne, at last they passing softly on, Lamedon espied Menaphon : desirous therefore to know the course of the countre, he saluted him thus.

Shepherd, for so farre thy attire warrants me courteous, for so much thy countenance imports : if distressed persons whom Fortune hath wronged, and the seas haue fauoured, (if we may count it fauor to liue and want) may without offence craue so farre aide, as to know some place where to rest our wearie and weather-beaten bones, our charges shall be paide, and you haue for recompence such thanks as Fortunes outlawes may yeld to their fauourers. Menaphon hearing him speake so grauely, but not fitting his eare to his eie, stood staring still on Sephestias face, which she perceiuing, flashed out such a blush from her alablaster cheekes, that they lookt like the ruddie gates of the Morning : this sweete bashfulnesse amazing Menaphon, at last he began thus to answer.

Strangers, your degree I know not, therefore pardon if I giue lesse title than your estates merite: fortunes frowns are princes fortunes, & kings are subiect to chance and destiny. Mishap is to be salued with pitie, not scoorne: and we that are fortunes darlings, are bound to beleue them that are distressed : therefore follow me, and you shall haue such succor, as a shepherd may affoord. Lamedon and Sephestia were passing glad, and Menaphon led the way, not content onely to feede his sight with the beautie of his new Mistis, but thought also to infer some occasion of parley, to heare whether her voice were as melodious as her face beautifull, he therefore prosecuted his prattle thus. Gentlewoman, when first I saw you sitting vpon the Arcadian promontorie with your babe on your lap, & this old father by, I thought I had seene Venus with Cupid on her knee courted

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courted by Anchises of Troy : the excellence of your looks could discouer no lesse than Mars his paramour, and the beautie of the child as much as the dignitie of her wanton: at last perceiuing by your tears & your childs shrikes, that ye were passengers distressed, I lent you sighes to partake your sorowes, and lukewarme drops, to signifie how I pitie ouercharged persons, in lieu whereof let me craue your name, contrie, and parentage. Sephestia seeing by the shepherds passionate looks that the swain was halfe in loue, replied thus. Curteous sheheard, my blubbering cheeks did looke like Venus at a blush, it was when the wofull goddesse wept for her faire Adonis : my boie is no Cupid, but the son of Care, Fortunes fondling in his youth, to be (I hope) her darling in his age : in that your looks saw our grieve, and your thoughts pitied our woes, our tongues shal giue thanks (the bountie of sorowes tenants) and our harts praise that the gods may be as friendly to your flockes, as you fauourable vnto vs. My name is Samela, my countrie Cipres, my parentage mean, the wife of a poore gentleman now deceased: how we arriued here by shipwacke, gentle sheheard inquire not, lest it be tedious for thee to heare it, and a double grieve for me to rehearse it. The sheheard not daring displease his mistris, as having loues threates hanging on her lips, he conuaied them home to his house: as soon as they were arriued there, he began at the doore to entertaine them thus. Faire mistris the flower of all our Nymphes that liue here in Arcadia, this is my cottage wherein I liue content and your lodging, where (please it you) ye may rest quiet: I haue no rich clothes of Aegypt to couer the wals, nor store of plate to discouer anie wealth, for shepherds vse neither to be proude nor couetous, you shal find here cheese and milk for dainties, and wool for clothing, in euery corner of the house Content siting smiling and tempering euerie homely thing with a welcom: this if ye can brook and accept of, (as gods allow the meanest hospitalitie) ye shal haue such welcome and fare as Philemon and Baucis gaue to Iupiter. Sephestia thankt him hartily,

& going into his house, found what he promised: after that
 they had sate a litle by the fire and were wel warmed, they
 went to supper, where Sephestia fed wel, as one whom the
 sea had made hungrie, & Lamedon so plied his teeth, that al
 supper he spake not one word: after they had taken their
 repast, Menaphon seeing they were wearie, and that sleepe
 chimed on to rest, let them see their lodging, and so gaue
 them the good night, Lamedon on his flock bed, and Sephe-
 stia on her cuntrie couch, were so wearie, that they slept
 well: but Menaphon, pwe Menaphon neither asked his
 swains for his sheep, nor toke his mole-spade on his necke
 to see his pastures: but as a man pained with a thousand
 passions, dzenched in distresse, & ouerwhelmed with a mul-
 titude of vncought cares, he sate like the pictures that Per-
 scus turned with his gorgons head into stones. His sister
 Carmela kept his house, (for so was the countrie wench
 called) & she seeing her brother sit so mal-contented, stept to
 her cupbord & fetcht a litle beaten spice in an old bladder,
 she spared no euening milk, but went amongst the cream
 bolles and made him a posset. But alas, loue had so locked
 vp the shepheards stomacke, that none would downe with
 Menaphon: Carmela seeing her brother refuse his spiced
 drink, thought al was not wel, and therfore sate down and
 wept: to be short, she blubbered, and he sighed, and his men
 that came in and saw their master with a kercher on his
 head, mourned: so that amongst these swaines there was
 such melodie, that Menaphon toke his bow and arrowes,
 and went to bed: where casting himselfe he thought to haue
 beguiled his passions with some sweete slumbers: but loue
 that smiled at his new entertained champion, sitting on
 his beds head, pricked him forward with new desires,
 charging Morpheus, Phobetur, and Icolon the gods of
 sleepe, to present vnto his closed eyes the singular beautie
 and rare perfections of Samela: (for so will we now call
 her) in that the Idea of her excellence forced him to breathe
 out scalding sighes smothered within the fornice of his
 thoughts, which grew into this or the like passion.

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I had thought Menaphon, that he which weareth the bay leaf had bin free from lightning, and the Eagles pen a preservative against thunder, that labour had bene enemy to loue, & the eschewing of idlenesse an Antidote against fancie: but I see by prose there is no adamant so hard, but the bloud of a goate wil make soft: no fort so wel defended, but strong batterie wil enter, noz any hart so pliant to restless labours, but enchantments of loue wil overcome. Unfortunate Menaphon, that of late thoughtest Venus a strumpet, & her son a bastard, now must thou offer incense at her shrine, & sweare Cupid no lesse than a god: thou hast reason Menaphon; for he that liues without loue, liues without life, presuming as Narcissus to hate all, and being like him, at length despised of all. Can there be a sweeter blisse than beautie, a greater heauen than her heauenly perfections that is mistress of thy thoughts? If the sparckle of her eyes appeare in the night, the starres blush at her brightnesse: if her haire glister in the daie, Phoebus puts off his wreath of diamonds, as overcome with the shine of her tresses: if she walke in the fields, Flora seeing her face, bids al her glorious flowres close themselves, as being by her beutie disgraced: if her alablaster necke appeare, then Hyems couereth his snow, as surpassed in whitenes, to be short, Menaphon, if Samela had appeared in Ida, Iuno for maiestie, Pallas for wisdom, and Venus for beautie had let my Samela haue the supremacie: why shouldst thou not then loue, and thinke there is no life to loue, seeing the end of loue is the possession of such a heauenly paragon: but what of this Menaphon? hast thou anie hope to inioy her person, she is a widdow, true, but too high for thy fortunes: she is in distresse, ah Menaphon, if thou hast any sparke of comfort, this must set thy hope on fire: want is the load-stone of affection, distresse forceth deeper than fortunes frownes, and such as are poore wil rather loue than want relief, fortunes frowns are whetstones to fancie, and as the horse starteth at the spurre, so loue is pricked forward with distresse. Samela is shipwacked, Menaphon releues her, she wants, he

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he supplies with wealth, he sues for loue, either must he grant, or buy denial with perpetual repentance. In this hope rested the poore shepheard: and with that Menaphon laide his head down on the pillow, and tooke a sound nap, sleeping out fancie with a good slumber.

As soone as the sun appeared, the shepheard got him vp, and fed fat with this hope, went merilie with his men to the folds, and there letting forth his sheep, after that he had appointed where they shuld graze, returned home, and looking whē his guests shuld rise, having slept il the last night went roundlie to his breakfast: by that time he had ended his *desune*, Lamedon was gotten vp, and so was Samela. Against their rising Carmela had shewne her cookeerie, and Menaphon tired in his russet iacket, his redde sleeves of chamlet, his blew bonet, & his round slops of cuntry cloth, bestirred him, as euery ioynt had beene set to a sundrie office. Samela no sooner came out of her chamber, but Menaphon as one that claimed pitie for his passions, bade hir good morrow with a firm louers look: Samela knowing the foule by the feather, was able to cast his disease without his water, perceined that Cupid had caught the poore shepheard in his net, & vnlesse he sought quicklie to breake out of the snare would make him a tame soole: faire looks she gaue him, and with a smiling sorrow discovered how she grieued at his misfortune, & yet fanozed him: wel, to breakfast they went; Lamedon & Samela fed hard, but Menaphon like the Argiue in the date gardens of Arabia, liued with the contemplation of his mistris beautie, the Salamander liues not without fire, the Herring from the water, the Mole from the earth, nor the Cameleon from the aire; nor could Menaphon liue in the sight of his Samela, whose breath was perfumed aire, whose eies were fier wherin he delighted to dallie, whose hart the earthlie paradise wherein he desired to ingrasse the essence of his loue & affection: thus did the poore shepheard bathe in a kind of blisse, while his eie feeding on his mistris face, surfeited with the excellencie of her perfection. So long he gazed, that at length
break.

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breakfast was ended, and he desirous to do her any seruice, first put her child to nurse, and then led her forth to see his folds, thinking with the sight of his flockes to merrile her, whose mind had rather haue chosen anie misfortune, than haue deigned her eyes on the face & feature of so low a peasant. Well, abroad they went, Menaphon with his shepherds hooke fringed with cruell, to signifye he was chiefe of the swaines, Lamedon and Samela after: plodding thus ouer the greene fields, at last they came to the mountains where Menaphons flockes grazed, & there he discoursed to Samela thus. I tell thee faire nimph, these plaines that thou seest stretching southward, are pastures belonging to Menaphon: there grows the cingfoile, and the hiacinth, the columbop, the primrose, & the violet, which my flockes shal spare for flowers to make thee garlands, the milke of my ewes shalbe meat for thy prettie wanton, the wooll of the fat wethers that seem as fine as the fleece that Iason fet from Colchos, shal serue to make Samela webs withal, the mountain tops shalbe thy mornings walk, and the shady vallies thy euening arbour, as much as Menaphon owes shalbe at Samelaes command, if she like to liue with Menaphon. This was spoken with such deep effects, that Samela could scarce keepe her from smiling, yet she couered her conceit with a sorrowful countenance, which Menaphon espying to make her merrie, and rather for his own aduantage, seeing Lamedon was asleepe, tooke her by the hand and sate downe, and pulling forth his pipe, began after some melodie to carrol out this roundelay.

Menaphons roundelay.

When tender ewes brought home with euening sunne,
Wend to their foldes,
And to their holdes,
The shepheards trudge when light of daie is done:
Vpon a tree,
The Eagle *lones* faire bird did pearch,
There resteth he:

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A little flie his harbour then did search,
And did presume (though others laught thereat)
To pearch whereas the princely Eagle sate.

The Eagle frownd, and shooke his royall wings,
And chargde the flie
From thence to hie:

Afraide in haste the little creature flings,
Yet seekes againe,
Fearefull to pearke him by the Eagles side,
With moodie vaine

The speedie poste of *Ganimede* replide:
Vassaile auant, or with my wings you die,
Is't fit an Eagle seate him with a flie?

The flie craude pittie, stil the Eagle frownde,
The seely flie
Readie to die,
Disgracde, displacde, fell groueling to the ground,
The Eagle saw.

And with a royall mind said to the flie,
Be not in awe,
I scorne by me the meanest creature die:
Then seate thee here: the ioyfull flie vp flings,
And sate safe shadowed with the Eagles wings.

As sone as Menaphon had ended this roundelay, turning to Samela, after a cuntry blush, he began to court her in this homely fashion: what think you Samela of the Eagle for this royall deede: that he falsified the old prouerb, *Aquila non capit muscas*. But I meane Samela, are you not in opinion, that the Eagle giues instance of a princely resolution, in preferring the safetie of a flie before the credit of his royal maiestie? I thinke Menaphon that his minds are the shelters of pouertie, & kings seats are couerts for distressed persons, that the Eagle in throwding the flie did wel, but a little forgot her honoz. But how think you said Samela, is this proportion to be obserued in loue? I gesse no, for the flie

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did it, not for loue, but for succor. Hath loue then respect of circumstance: els it is not loue, but lust; for where the parties haue no simpathe of estates, there can no firme loue be first: discorde is reputed the mother of diuision, and in nature this is an vnrefuted principle, that it faulteth which faileth in vniformitie. He that grafts Gilliflowers vpon the Nettle, marreth the smel, who couets to tie the lamb & the lion in one tedder, makes a braule: equal fortunes, are loues fauorites, and therfore should fancie be alwaies limited by Geometrical proportion, lest if yong matching with old, fire and frost fall at a combate, and if rich with poore, there hap many dangerous and brauing objections. Menaphon halfe nipped in the pate with this replie, yet like a tall souldier stode to his tackling and made this answer: suppose gentle Samela, that a man of meane estate, whom disdainful fortune had abased, intending to make her power prodigal in his misfortunes, being feathered with Cupids bolt, were snared in the beautie of a queene, should he rather die than discouer his amors? If queenes (quoth she) were of my mind, I had rather die, than perish in baser fortunes. Venus loued Vulcan, replied Menaphon: truth quoth Samela, but thogh he was polt-footed, yet he was a god. Phaon inioyed Sapho, he a ferriman that liued by his hands thrist, she a princeesse that late inuested with a diadem. The more fortunate of Samela was he in his honors, and she the lesse famous in her honestie. To leaue these instances, replied Menaphon (for loue had made him hardie) I sweet Samela infer these presupposed premisses, to discouer the basenesse of my mean birth, and yet the deepnesse of my affection who euer since I saw the brightnesse of your perfection shining vpon the mountaines of Arcadie, like the glister of the sun vpon the topleste promontory of Sicilia, was so snared with your beutie, & so inueigled with the excellence of that perfection that exceeds al excellencie, that loue entring my desire, hath maintained himselfe by force, that vnlesse swete Samela grant me fauor of her loue, & play the princely egle, I shal with the poore lie perish in my fortunes: he conclu-

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ded this period with a deepe sigh, and Samela grieuing at this follie of the shepheard, gaue him mildly this answere.

Menaphon, my distressed haps are the resolutions of the destinies, and the wrongs of my youth are the forerunners of my woes in age, my native home is my worst nurserie, & my friends deny that which strangers prejudicially grant: I arrived in Arcady shipwreckt, and Menaphon fauoring my sorowes hath afforded me succours, for which Samela rests bound, and will proue thankfull: as for loue, know that Venus standeth on the tortois, as shewing that loue creepeth on by degrees, that affection is like the snail, that steales to the top of the lance by minutes: the grasse hath his increase, yet neuer any sees it augment, the sun shadoweth, but the motion is not seene, loue like those should enter into the eie, and by long gradations passe into the heart: Cupid hath wings to flie, not that loue should be swift, but that he may soare hie to auoid base thoughts. The Topace being throwne into the fire burnes strait, but no sooner out of the flame but it freezeth: straw is soone kindled, but it is but a blaze: and loue that is caught in a moment, is lost in a minute: giue me leaue Menaphon, first to sorow for my fortunes, then to call to mind my husbands late funeralls, then if the fates haue assigned, I shal fancie, I wil account of thee befoze amie shepheard in Arcady. This conclusion of Samela draue Menaphon into such an extasie for ioy, that he stode as a man metamorphozed, at last, calling his senses together, he told her he rested satisfied with her answer, and therebpon lent hir a kisse, such as blushing Thetis receiues from her choicest leman. At this Lamedon awaked, otherwise, no doubt, Menaphon had replied, but breaking off their talk they went to view their pastures, & so passing down to the place where the sheep grazed, they searched the shepherds bags, & so emptied their bottles, as Samela marvelled at such an vnconth banquet: at last they returned home, Menaphon glozing in hope of his successe. interteining Samela stil wth such curtesy, that she finding such content in the cottage, began to despise the honours of the court.

Acting

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Resting thus in house with the shepheard, to avoid tedious conceits she framed her selfe to countrey labours, that she oft times would leade the flockes to the fieldes her selfe, and being drest in homely attire, she seemed like Oenone that was amorous of Paris. As she thus often traced amongst the plains, she was noted amongst the shepheards of one Doron next neighbour to Menaphon, who entred into the consideration of her beautie, and made report of it to all his fellow swaines, so that they chatted naught in the fields but of the new shepherdesse. One day amongst the rest, it chanced that Doron sitting in parley with another countrey companion of his, amidst other tattle, they prattled of the beautie of Samela. Hast thou seene her quoth Melicertus, (so was his friend called) I quoth Doron and sighed to see her, not that I was in loue, but that I grieved she should be in loue with such a one as Menaphon. What manner of woman is she quoth Melicertus? As well as I can, answered Doron, I will make description of her.

Dorons description of Samela.

Like to *Diana* in her summer weede,
Girt with a crimson robe of brightest die:

goes faire *Samela*.

Whiter than be the flocks that stragling feede,
When washt by *Aerethusa* faint they lie:

is faire *Samela*.

As faire *Aurora* in her morning graie,
Deckt with the ruddie glister of her loue:

is faire *Samela*.

Like louely *Thetis* on a calmed daie,
When as her brightnesse *Neptunes* fancie moue:

shines faire *Samela*.

Her tresses gold, her eies like glasseie streames,
Her teeth are pearle, the breasts are iuorie

of faire *Samela*.

Her cheekes like rose and lillie yeeld forth gleames,
Her browes bright arches framde of ebonie:

thus faire *Samela*.

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Passeth faire *Venus* in her brauest hiew,
And *Iupp* in the shew of maiestie,
for she's *Samela*.
Pallas in wit all three if you well view,
For beautie, wit, and matchlesse dignitie,
yeeld to *Samela*.

Thou hast (quoth Melicertus) made such a description, as if Priamus yong boie should paint out the perfection of his Greekish Paramour. He thinkes the Idea of her person represents it selfe an object to my fansie, and that I see in the discoverie of her excellence, the rare beauties of: and with that he broke off abruptly with such a deep sigh as it seemed his heart shuld haue broken, sitting as the Lapiethes when they gazed on Medusa. Doron maruelling at this sodaine euent, was halfe afraid, as if some appoplexie had astounded his senses, so that chæring vp his friend, he demanded what the cause was of this sodaine conceit. Melicertus no niggard in discoverie of his fortunes, began thus: I tell thee Doron, befoze I kept sheepe in Arcadie, I was a shepheard elsewhere, so famous for my flockes, as Menaphon for his foldes; beloued of the Pimphees, as he likt of the Countrie Damsels; coueting in my loues to vse Cupids winges, to soare high in my desires, though my selfe were bozne to bale fortunes. The hobbie catcheth no prey, vnlesse he mount beyond her marke, the palme tree beareth, most bowes where it groweth highest, and loue is most fortunate where his courage is resolute, and thought beyond his compasse. Grounding therefore on these principles, I first mine eie on a Pimph, whose parentage was great, but her beautie far more excellent, her birth was by many degrees greater than mine, and my worth by many discentes lesse than hers: yet knowing Venus loued Adonis; and Luna Endymion, that Cupid had boltes feathered with the plumes of a Crowe, as well as with the pennies of an Eagle, I attempted and courted her, I found her looks lightning disdaine, and her forehead to conteine fauours for others,

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thers, and frownes for me: when I alleaged faith, she crost me with Aeneas, when loyaltie, she told me of Iason; when I swore constancie, she questioned me of Demophoon, when I craued a final resolution to my fatall passions, she fild her browes full of wzinkles, and her eies full of furie, turned her back, and shooke me off with a *Non placet*. Thus in loues I lost loues, and for her loue had lost all, had I not when I neere dispaired the clemencie of some curteous starre, or rather the verie excellence of my Distris fauours salued my halfe despairing maladie: for she seeing that I held a superstitious opinion of loue, in honouring him for a Deitie, not in counting him a vaine conceit of Poetrie, that I thought it sacriledge to wzang my desires, and the basest fortune to inhaunce my fortune by falsing my loues to a woman, she left from being so rammage, and gently came to the first, and granted me those fauours she might affoord or my thoughts desire: with this he ceast and fell againe to his sighes, which Doron noting, answered thus. If (my good Melicertus) thou didst enioy thy loues, what is the occasion thou beginnest with sighs, and endest with passions. Ah Doron there ends my ioyes, for no sooner had I triumpht in my fauours, but the trophies of my fortunes fell like the hearbs in Siria, that flourish in the moone, and fade before night: or like vnto the flie Tyryma, that taketh life and leaueth it all in one daie. So (my Doron) did it fare with me, for I had no sooner enioyed my loue, but the heauens (enuious a shepheard should haue the fruition of such a heauenly paragon) sent vnbrevocable fates to depriue me of her life, and she is dead: Dead Doron, to her, to my selfe, to all, but not to my memorie, for so deepe were the characters stamped in my inward senses, that oblivion can neuer race out the forme of her excellence. And with that he start vp, seeking to fall out of those dumps with musicke, (for he plaid on his pipe certaine sonnets he had contriued in praise of the countrie wenches) but plain Doron as plain as a packstaffe, desired him to sound a roundelay, & he would sing a song, which he carolled to this effect.

Dorons

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Dorons liège.
 Through the shrubs as I can cracke,
 For my Lambes prettie ones,
 Mongst many little ones,
 Nymphes I meane, whose haire was blacke,
 As the crow,
 Like the snow.
 Her face and browes shinde I weene,
 I saw a little one,
 A bonnie prettie one,
 As bright, buxome, and as sheene,
 As was she,
 On her knee.
 That lulled the God, whose arrowes warmes,
 Such merrie little ones
 Such faire fac'd prettie ones,
 As dallie in Loues chiefeft harmes,
 Such was mine,
 Whose graie cine.
 Made me loue: I gan to woe,
 This sweete little one,
 This bonnie prettie one,
 I wooed hard a daie or two,
 Till she bade,
 Be not fad,
 Woe no more, I am thine owne,
 Thy deereft little one,
 Thy trueft prettie one,
 Thus was faith and firme loue showne,
 As beboones,
 Shepheards loues.

How like you this dittie of mine owne deuising, quoth
 Doron? As well as my musicke, replied Melicertus; for if
 Pan and I strue, Midas being iudge, and should hap to
 giue me the garland, I doubt not but his Asses eares shuld
 be doubled; but Doron, so long we dispute of loue, and so,
 get

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get our labors, that both our flocks shal be unfolded, and to morrow our merrie meeting hindered. Thats true quoth Doron, for there wil be all the shepheards daughters and countrie damfels, and amongst them feare not but Menaphon will bring his faire sheheardesse, there Melicertus shalt thou see her that wil amate al our mobes, and amaze thee, and therefore good Melicertus let vs be going. With this prattle away they went to their folds, where we leaue them, & return to Menaphon, who triumphing in the hope of his new loues, caused Samela to trick her vp in her countrie attire, and make her self bane against the meeting: she then thought, to be coy, were to discouer her thoughts, & let her selfe vp in Carmelas russet cassocke, and that so quaintly, as if Venus in a countrie peticote had thought to wanton it with her louely Adonis. The morrow came, & a while they went, but Lamedon was left behind to keep the house. At the houre appointed, Menaphon, Carmela, and Samela came, when al the rest were readie to make merrie. As soon as word was brought, that Menaphon came with his new mistress, al the companie began to murmur, and euery man to prepare his eie for so miraculous an object: but Pelana a heardsmans daughter of the same parish, that long had loued Menaphon, & he had filled her brows with frownes, her eies with furie, and her heart with grieve; yet couering in so open an assemblie, as wel as she could to hide a pad in the straw, she expected (as others did) the arriual of her new coriuall: who at that instant came with Menaphon into the house. So sooner was she entred in the parlour, but her eies gaue such a shine, and her face such a brightnesse, that they stood gazing on this goddesse, and she vnacquainted, seeing her selfe among so manie unknowne swaines, died her cheekes with such a vermilion blush, that the countrie maides themselves fell in loue with this faire Pimph, and could not blame Menaphon for being ouer the shewes with such a beautiful creature. Doron iugged Melicertus on the elbow, & so awakt him out of a dreame: for he was deeply drowned, in the contemplation of her excellencie;

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cellencies sending out volies of sighes in remembrance of his old loue: as thus he sate meditating on her fauour, how much she resembled her that death had depriued him of: wel, her welcom was great of al the company, and for that she was a stranger, they graced her to make her the mistress of the feast. Menaphon seeing Samela thus honozed, conceiued no final content in the aduancing of his mistress, being passing iocund and pleasant with the rest of the companie, insomuch that euerie one perceiued how the poore swaine fed vpon the dignities of his mistris graces. Pefana noting this, began to lowze: and Carmela winking vpon her fellows, answered her frownes with a smile, which doubled her grieffe: for womens paines are more pinching if they be girded with a frowne, than if they be galled with a mischiese. Whiles thus there was banding of such looks, as euerie one imported as much as an *impreso*, Samela willing to see the fashon of these country yong frowes, cast her eies abroad, and in biewing euerie face, at last her eies glanced on the looks of Melicertus; whose countenance resembled so vnto her dead lord, that as a woman affrighted the stode staring on his face, but ashamed to gaze vpon a stranger, she made restraint of her looks, and so taking her eie from one particular obiect, she sent it abroad to make general suruey of their countrie demeanours. But amidst all this gazing, he that had seene poore Menaphon, hold infected with a ielous furie, he stared each man in the face, fearing their eies should feed or surfet on his mistris beautie: if they glanced, he thought strait they would be rivals in his loues, if they flatly lookt, then they were deeply snared in affection, if they once smile on her, they had receiued some glance from Samela that made them so malapert: if she laught, she likt, and at that he began to frowne: thus sate poore Menaphon al dinner while pained with a thousand ielous passions, keeping his teeth gardeners of his stomacke, and his eies watchmen of his loues: but Melicertus halfe impatient of his new conceiued thoughts, determined to trie how the dandel was brought vp, and whether

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whether she was as wise, as beautiful, he therefore began to breake silence thus.

The Orgies which the Bacchanals kept in Thessalie, the feasts which the melancholie Saturnists founded in Danubie, were neuer so quailed with silence, but on their festiual daies they did frolike amongst themselves with many pleasant parties: were it not a shame then that we of Arcadie, famous for the beautie of our Pimpheas, and the amorous roundelaies of our shepheards, should disgrace Pans holidays with such melancholie dumps? courteous countrie swaines shake off this sobrietie, and seeing we haue in our companie damselfs both beautiful and wise, let vs entertain them with prattle to trie our wits, and tire our time: to this they all agreed with a *plaudite*. Then quoth Melicertus: by your leaue, since I was first in motion, I wil be first in question, and therefore new come shepheardesse first to you: at this Samela blusht, and he began thus.

Faire damsel, when Næreus chatted with Iuno, he had pardon, in that his prattle came moze to pleasure the goddess, than to ratifie his owne presumption: if I mistis be ouerbold, forgive me: I request not to offend, but to set time free from tediousnesse. Then gentle shepheardesse tel me, if you should be transfozmed thzogh the anger of the gods, into some shape, what creature would you reason to be in forme? Samela blushing that she was the first that was bozded, yet gathered vp her crumie, and desirous to shew her pregnant wit, (as the wisest women be euer tickled with selfeloue) made him this answer.

Gentle shepheard, it fits not strangers to be nice, nor maidens too coie: lest the one feele the weight of a scoffe, the other the fal of a frumpe: pithie questions are mindes whetstones, and by discoursing in iest, manie doubts are desciphered in earnest: therefore you haue foze stalled me in crauing pardon, when you haue no neede to feele anie grant of pardon. Therefore thus to your question: Daphne I remember was turned to a baie tree, Niobe to a flint, Lampetia and her sisters to flowers, and sandrie

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Virgins to sundrie shapes according to their merites; but if my wish might serue for a Metamorphosis, I would be turned into a sheepe. A sheepe, and why so mistis? I reason thus, quoth Samela, my supposition should be simple, my life quiet, my fode the pleasant plaines of Arcadie, and the wealthie riches of Flora, my drinke the coole streames that flow from the concaue Promontorie of this continent, my aire should be cleere, my walks spacious, my thoughts at ease, and can there be (shepheard) anie better premises to conclude my replie than these? But haue you no other allegations to confirme your resolution? Yes sir quoth she, and farre greater. When the law of our first motion, quoth he, commands you to repeat them. Far be it, answered Samela that I should not doe of free will anie thing that this pleasant companie commands: therefore thus; were I a sheepe, I should be garded from the foldes with iolly Swaines, such as was Lunas Loue on the hilles of Larmos; their pipes sounding like the melodie of Mercurie, when he luld asleepe Argus: but more, when the damselfs tracing along the plaines, should with their eyes like Sunnebright beames, draw on looks to gaze on such sparkling Planets: then wearie with fode, should I lie and look on their beauties, as on the spotted wealth of the richest Firmament, I should listen to their swete laies, more swete than the sea-bozne Syrens: thus feeding on the delicacie of their features, I should like the Tyrian heifer fall in loue with Agenors darling. I but, quoth Melicertus, those faire faced damselfs oft draw forth the kindest sheepe to the shambles. And what of that sir, answered Samela, would not a sheepe so long fed with beautie, die for loue. If he die (quoth Pefana) there is more kindnesse in beastes, than constancy in men: for they die for loue, when larks dy with looks. If they be so wise quoth Menaphon, they shew but their mother wits, for what sparks they haue of inconstancie, they draw from their female fosterers, as the Sea doth ebbes and tides from the Moon. So be it sir, answered Pefana, then no doubt your mother was made of a weathercock,

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thercock, that brought forth such a waivering companion;
for you M. Menaphon measure your looks by minutes, and
your loues are like lightning, which no sooner flash on the
eye, but they vanish. It is then quoth Menaphon because
mine eye is a foolish iudge, and chuseth too basely : which
when my hart censures of, it casts away as refuse. It were
best then, saide Pefana, to discharge such vniust iudges of
their seats, & to set your eares hearers of your loue pleas.
If they fault quoth Melicertus, enerie market towne hath
a remedie, or els there is neuer a baker nere by vii. miles,
Stay courteous shepheards quoth Samela, these iests are too
broad befoze, they are cinicall like Diogenes quips, that
had large feathers and sharp heads, it litle fits in this com-
panie to bandie tants of loue, seeing you are unwedded and
these al maidens addicted to chastitie. You speake well as
a patronesse of our credite quoth Pefana, for indeede we be
virgins, and addicted to virginitie. Now quoth Menaphon
that you haue got a virgin in your mouth, you wil neuer
leauē chanting the word, til you proue your selfe, either a
Wesfall or a Sibill. Suppose she were a Wesfall quoth Me-
licertus, I had almost said a virgin (but God forbid I had
made such a doubtful supposition) she might carrie water
with Amulia in a sieve: for amongst al the rest of virgins we
reade of none but hir that wrought such a miracle. Pefana
hearing how pleasantly Melicertus plaide with her nose,
thought to giue him a great bone to gnaw vpon, which
she cast in his teeth thus brieflie. I remember sir, that Epi-
curus measured euerie mans diet by his owne principles:
Apradas the great Macedonian pirat, thought euerie one
had a letter of mart that bare sailes in the Ocean : none
came to knocke at Diogenes tubbe but was supposed a Ci-
nick, and fancie of late hath so tied you to his vanities, that
you wil thinke Vesta a flat figured conceit of poetrie. Sa-
mela perceiving these blows would grow to deep wounds,
brake off their talk with this pretie digression: Gentlemen
to end this strife, I praye you let vs heare the opinion of
Doron, for al this while neither he nor Carmela haue ut-
tered

Greenes Arcadia

tered one word, but late as censours at our pleasure were necessary he told us how his heart came thus on his half pemie. Doron hearing Samela thus pleasant, made presently this blunt replie: I was (faire mistris) in solemne doubt with my selfe, whether in being a sheepe, you would be a ram or an ewe? An ewe no doubt, quoth Samela, for horns are the heaviest burthen that the head can beare. As Doron was ready to replie, came in suddenly to this party four or five old shepherds: who broke off their pattle, that from that they fel to drinking: and so after some parley of their flockes, euerie one departed to their owne home, where they talked of the exquisite perfection of Samela, especially Melicertus, who gotten to his owne cottage, and lien downe in his couch by himselfe, began to ruminate on Samelaes shape.

Ah Melicertus, what an obiect fortune this daie brought to thy eies, presenting a strange Idæa to thy sight, as appeared to Achilles of his dead friend Patroclus, tresses of gold like the trammels of Sephestiaes lockes, a face fairer than Venus, such was Sephestia; her eie paints her out Sephestia, her voice sounds her out Sephestia, she seemeth none but Sephestia: but seeing she is dead, and there liues not such another Sephestia, sue to hir and loue her, for that it is either a selfe same or another Sephestia. In this hope Melicertus fell to his slumber, but Samela was not content: for she beganne thus to muse with her selfe, may this Melicertus be a shepheard? or can a cuntrie cottage afford such perfection: doth this coast bring forth such excellencie: then happie are the virgins that shal haue such suters, and the wiues such pleasing husbands, but his face is not in chace with anie rustike proportion, his browes containe the characters of nobilitie, & his looks in shepherds weeds are lordly, his voice pleasing, his wit ful of gentrie: weigh all these equally, and consider Samela, is it not thy Maximus? Fond soyle, awaie with these suppositions; could the dreaming of Andromache call Hector from his graue? or can the vision of my husband raise him from the seas?

Lush

Greenes Arcadia

Thus, steepe not to such vanities: he is dead, and therefore
griue not thy memorie with the imagination of his newe
reuiue, for there hath bene but one Hippolitus found to be
Virbius, twice a man: to salue Samela then this suppose; if
they court thee with hyacinth, & entertaine them with roses;
if he send thee a lambe, present him an ewe; if he wooe, be
wooed; and for no other reason, but, he is like Maximus.
Thus he rested, and thus she slept, all parties being e-
qually content and satisfied with hope except Pesana, who
fettered with the feature of her best beloued Menaphon,
late cursing Cupid as a partiall deitie, that would make
more daie light in the firmament than one sunne, more
rainebowes in the heauen than one Iris, and more loues in
one heart than one settled passion: manie praiers she made
to Venus for reuenge, many bowes to Cupid, many orizons
to Hymeneus, if she might possesse the tipe of her desires.
Alas poore soule, howsoeuer she was pained, she smothered
all with patience, & thought to braue time with seeming not
to looke; & thus she daily droue out the time with labor and
looking to her heard, hearing euerie daie by Doron who
was her kinsman, what successe Menaphon had in his
loues. Thus fates and fortunes dallying a dolful catastro-
phe to make a more pleasing Epitaphis, it fel out amongst
them thus. Melicertus going to the fields, as he was wont
to do with his flocks, droue to graze as nere the swains of
Menaphon as he might, to haue view of his new entertei-
ned mistris: who, according to his expectation came thi-
ther euerie daie. Melicertus esteeming her to be some far-
mers daughter at the most, could not tell how to court her:
yet at length calling to remembrance her rare wit disco-
uered in her last discourses, finding opportunitie to giue
her both ball & racket, seeing the coast was cleere, and that
none but Samela and he were in the field, he left his flocks
in the valley, and stept vnto her and saluted her thus.

Mistris of al eies that glance but at the excellence of your
perfection, seneraigne of al such as Venus hath allowed for
louers, Oenones ouermatch, Arcadie's romet, beauties se-
cond

Greenes Arcadia

cond comfort, al haile: seeing you sit like Iuno when she first
watcht her white heifer on the Lincen downs, as bright as
silver *Phæbe* mounted on the hie top of the ruddie element,
I was by a strange attractive force drawn, as the adamant
drawes the iron, or the leat the straw, to visite your sweete
selfe in the shade, and affoord you such companie as a poore
swaine may yeeld without offence, which if you shal vouch
to deigne of, I shalbe as glad of such accepted seruice, as
Paris was first of his best beloved paramour. Samela looking
vpon the shepherds face, & seeing his vtterance full of broken
sighs, thoght to be pleasant with her shepherd thus: Ar-
cadies Apollo, whose brightnes drawes euerie eie to turn
as the *Heliotrapion* doth after her load, fairest of shepherds,
the nimphs sweetest object, womens wrong, in wronging
manie with ones due, welcom, & so welcome, as we vouch-
safe of your seruice, admit of your companie, as of him that
is the grace of al companies: & if we durst vpon anie light
pardon, would venter to request you shew vs a cast of your
cunning. Samela made this replie, because she heard him so
superfine, as if *Ephebus* had learned him to refine his mo-
thers tong, wherfore thogh he had done it of an inkehorn be-
fore to be eloquent: & Melicertus thinking Samela had lerned
with *Lucilla* in Athens, to anotomize wit, and speake none
but *smiles*, imagined she smothered her talk to be thoght like
Sapho *Phaos* paramour: thus deceiued either in others sup-
positions, Samela followed her sute thus. I know *Priamus*
wantō could not be without flocks of nimphs to folow him
in the vale of *Ida*, beutie hath legions to attend her excellen-
cie, if the shepherd be true: if like *Narcissus* you wzap not
your face in the cloud of disdain, you cannot but haue some
rare paragon to your mistris, whom I would haue you in
some sonnet describe Ioues last loue, if Ioue could get from
Iuno, my pipe shall pzeuine, & I aduenture with my voice
to set out my mistris fauor for your excellence to censure of,
and therefore thus: yet Melicertus for that he had a further
reach, would not make anie clownish description, chari-
ted it thus cunningly.

Meli-

Greenes *Arcadia*

Melicertus description of his *Mistress*.

Tune on, my pipe, the praises of my loue,
And midst thy oaten harmonie recount
How faire she is that makes thy musicke mount,
And euerie string of thy hearts harpe to moue.

Shal I compare her forme vnto the spheare,
Whence sunnebright *Venus* vaunts her siluer shine?
Ah more then that by iust compare is thine,
Whose Cristal lookes the clowdie heauens do cleare.

How oft haue I descending *Titan* seene,
His burning lockes couch in the sea-queenes lappe,
And beauteous *Thetis* his red bodie wrappe,
In waterie robes, as he her Lord had beene.

Whenas my nimph impatient of the night,
Bade bright *Atræus* with his traine giue place,
Whiles she led forth the daie with her faire face,
And lent each starre a more then *Delian* light.

Not *Ioue* or Nature (should they both agree,
To make a woman of the firmament,
Of his mixt puritie) could not inuent,
A skie-borne forme so beautiful as she.

When Melicertus had ended this roundelay in praise of his mistress, Samela perceiued by his description, that either some better poet than himselfe had made it, or els that his former phrase was dissembled: wherfore to trie him thowly, & to see what snake laie hid vnder the grasse, she folowed the chace in this manner. Melicertus might not a stranger craue your mistress name: At this the shepheard blusht, and made no replie. How now, quoth Samela, what, is she so meane that you shame, or so high as you feare to bewraie the soueraigne of your thoughts? Stand not in doubt man, for be she base, I reade that mightie *Tamberlaine* after his wife *Senocrate* (the worlds faire eie) passed out of the theatre of this mortal life, he chose stigmatical trulls to please

Greenes Arcadia

his humorous fancie. Be she a princeesse, honour hangs in
high desires, and it is the token of a hie mind to venter for
a quene: then gentle shepheard tel me thy mistris name.
Melicertus hearing his gooddesse speake so fauorably, brea-
theth out this sodaine replie: too hie Samela, and therefore I
feare with the Syzian wolues to bark against the mone,
or with them of Scyrum to shote against the starres, in the
height of my thoughts soaring too high, to fall with woful
repenting Icarus: no sooner did mine eye glauce vpon her
beautie, but as if loue and fate had late to forge my fatal
disquiet, they trapt me within her lookes, and haling her
Idæa through the passage of my sight, placed it so deeply in
the centre of my heart, as maugre al my studious endeuor
it still and euer will keepe restless possession: noting her
vertues, her beauties, her perfections, her excellence, and
feare of her too hie bozne parentage, though painfully fet-
tered, yet haue I stil feared to dare so haughty an attempt to
so braue a personage: lest she offensive at my presumption,
I perish in the height of my thoughts. This conclusion bro-
ken with an abrupt passion, could not so satisfie Samela, but
she would be further inquisitiue. At last after many ques-
tions he answered thus: laeing (Samela) I consume my selfe,
and displease you, to hazard for the salue that may cure my
maladie, and satisfie your question, know it is the beaute-
ous Samela. Be there moze of that name in Arcadie, beside
my selfe. She: I know not, said Melicertus, but were there
a million, only you are Melicertus Samela: but of a million
quoth she, I cannot be Melicertus Samela: for loue hath but
one arrow of desire in his quiver, but one string to his bow,
and in choise but one aime of affection. Haue ye already
said Melicertus set your rest vpon some higher personage?
No said Samela, I meane by your selfe, for I haue heard
that your fancie is linked alrepie to a beutiful shepherdesse
in Arcadie. At this the poore swain tainted his cheeks with
a vermilian die, yet thinking to carie out the matter with
a iest, he stood to his tackling thus: whosoever (Samela) des-
canted of that loue, told you a Canterburie tale, some pro-
pheticall

Greenes *Arcadia*

phetical ful mouth, that as he were a Coblers eldest sonne
would by the laast tel where anothers shoo wzings, but his
sowterly aime was iust leuel, in thinking euery loke was
loue, or euerie fair word a pason of loyaltie. Then said Sa-
mela, taking him at a rebound, neither may I thinke your
glances to be fancies, nor your grettest protestation any as-
surance of deep affection: therefore ceasing off to court anie
further at this time, think you haue proued your self too tal
a souldier to continue so long at batterie, and that I am a
fauorable foe that haue continued so long at parly: but I
charge you by the loue you owe your dearest mistris, not to
say any more as touching loue for this time. If Samela, said
he, thou hadst enioyned me as Iuno did to Hercules, most
dangerous labours, I would haue discovered my loue by
obedience, and my affection by death: yet let me craue this,
that as I began with a sonnet, so I may end with a ma-
drigale. Content Melicertus quoth she, for none more than
I loue musicke. Upon this replie the shepheard prouid fol-
lowed with this dittie.

Melicertus *Madrigale*.

What are my sheepe without their wonted foode?
What my life except I gaine my loue?
My sheepe consume, and faint for want of bloud,
My life is lost vnlesse I grace approue.

No flower that saplesse thriues,
No Turtle without pheare.

The daie without the sunne doth lowre for woe,
Then woe mine eies vnlesse they beautie see.
My Sunne *Samelaes* eies, by whom I know
Wherein delight consists, where pleasures be.

Nought more the heart reuiues
Than to imbrace his deare.

The starres from earthly humors gaine their light,
Our humours by their light possesse their power:
Samelaes eies fed by my weeping sight,
Infudes my paines or ioyes, by smile or lower.

Greenes *Arcadia*

So wends the source of loue,
It feedes, it failes, it ends.

Kind lookes, cleare to your ioy, behold her eies,
Admire her heart, desire to taste her kisses;
In them the heauen of ioy and solace lies,
Without them eu'rie hope his succour misses,
Oh how I loue to proue,
Whereto this solace tends.

Scarce had the shepheard ended this Madrigale, but Samela began to frown, saying he had broken promise. Melicertus alledged if he had vttered any passion, twas sung, not said. Thus these louers in a humorous descant of their praise espied a far off old Lamedon and Menaphon comming towards them: whereupon kissing in conceit, and parting with interchanged glances, Melicertus stole to his sheepe, and Samela sate her downe making of nets to catch birds. At last Lamedon and her loue came, & after many gracious looks, & much good parly, helpt her home with her sheep, and put them in the folds: but leauing these amorous shepherds busie in their loues, let vs returne at length to the prettie babie Samelas child, whom Menaphon had put to nurse in the cuntrie. This infant being by nature beautiful, and by birth noble, euen in his cradle exprest to the eies of the gazers such glorious presages of his approaching fortunes, as if another Alciades (the arm-strong darling of the double night) by wrestling with snakes in his swadling clowtes, shuld prophesy to the world the approaching wonders of his prowess, so did his fierie lookes reflect terror to the weake beholders of his ingrafted nobilitie, as if some god were bozne like to the Thracian Bacchus, forsaking his heauen bozne deitie, shuld delude our eies with the alternate forme of his infancie. Fiuie yeeres had ful run their monthly revolution, whenas this beauteous boy began to shew himselfe among the shepheards children, with whom he had no sooner contracted familiar acquaintance, but strait he was chosen lord of the Maie-game, king of their sports, & ring-leader

Greenes Arcadia

leader of their reuils, inſomuch that his tender mother be-
holding him by chance mounted in his kingly maiestie,
and imitating honorable iuſtice in his gameſome exerciſe
of diſcipline, with teares of ioy tooke vp theſe propheticall
termes, wel doe I ſee, where God and ſtate hath bowed
felicitie, no aduerſe fortune may expel proſperitie. *Pleuſi-*
dippus, thou art yong, thy looks high, and thy thoughts hau-
ty, ſoueraigntie is ſeated in thy eies, and honoꝝ in thy hart,
I feare this fire wil haue his flame, and then am I vndone
in thee my ſon, my countrie life (ſweete countrie life) in thy
proud ſoaring hopes, deſpoiled and diſroabed of the diſgui-
ſed array of his reſt, muſt retorne ruſſet weeds to the ſolds
where I left my feares, & haſt to the court of my hel, there
to inueſt me with my wonted cares: how now Samela, wilt
thou be a Sybil of miſhap to thy ſelf: the angry heauens that
haue eterniſht thy exile, haue eſtabliſht thy content in Ar-
cadie. My content in Arcadie, that we may be no longer
than my *Pleuſidippus* ſtaies in Arcadie, which I haue cauſe
to feare, foꝝ the whelps of the lion are no longer harmeleſſe
than when they are whelps, and babes are no longer to be
awed than while they are babes. I but nature: & therewith
ſhe paused, being interrupted by a tumult of boies, that by
yong *Pleuſidippus* command ſel vpon one of their fellows,
and beat him moſt cruelly foꝝ playing falſe play at nine
holes: which ſhe eſpying thꝛough he lattice window, could
not chuſe but ſmile aboue meaſure: but when ſhe ſaw him
in his childiſh termes condemne one to death foꝝ diſpiſing
the authoritie bequeathed him by the reſt of the boies, then
ſhe bethought her of the Perſian *Cirus* that deposed his
Grandfather *Aſtyages*, whoſe uſe it was at like age to i-
mitate maiestie in like manner. In this deſtracion of
thoughts ſhe had not long time ſtaied, but *Lamedon* and
Menaphon cald her away to accompany them to the ſolds,
whiles *Pleuſidippus* haſting to the execution of iuſtice,
diſmiſſed off his boyiſh ſeſſion til their next meeting: where
how imperiouſly he behaued himſelfe in puniſhing miſoꝝ-
ders amongst his equals, in vſing moꝝe than iuſtice

Greenes *Arcadia*

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Greenes Arcadia

leader of their reuils, insomuch that his tender mother beholding him by chance mounted in his kingly maiestie, and imitating honorable iustice in his game some exercise of discipline, with teares of ioy tooke vp these propheticall termes, wel doe I see, where God and state hath bowed felicitie, no aduerse fortune may expel prosperitie. *Pleusidippus*, thou art yong, thy looks high, and thy thoughts haughty, soueraignie is seated in thy cies, and honoꝛ in thy hart, I feare this fire wil haue his flame, and then am I vndone in thee my son, my countrie life (sweete countrie life) in thy proud soaring hopes, despoiled and disroabed of the disguised array of his rest, must retorne russet weeds to the folds where I left my feares, & hast to the court of my hel, there to inuest me with my wonted cares: how now Samela, wilt thou be a Sybil of mishap to thy self: the angry heauens that haue eternisht thy exile, haue establisht thy content in Arcadie. My content in Arcadie, that we may be no longer than my *Pleusidippus* staies in Arcadie, which I haue cause to feare, for the whelps of the lion are no longer harmelesse than when they are whelps, and babes are no longer to be awed than while they are babes. I but nature: & therewith she paused, being interrupted by a tumult of boies, that by yong *Pleusidippus* command fel vpon one of their felows, and beat him most cruelly for playing false play at nine holes: which she espying thꝛough he lattise window, could not chuse but smile aboue measure: but when she saw him in his childish termes condennie one to death for dispising the authoritie bequeathed him by the rest of the boies, then she bethought her of the Persian *Cirus* that deposed his Grandfather *Astyages*, whose vse it was at like age to imitate maiestie in like manner. In this distraction of thoughts she had not long time staied, but *Lamedon* and *Menaphon* cald her away to accompany them to the folds, whiles *Pleusidippus* hasting to the execution of iustice, dismissed off his boyish session til their next meeting: where how imperiously he behaued himselfe in punishing misorders amongst his equals, in vsing more than iustice

Greenes Arcadia

towards his untamed copesmates, I referre it to the An-
nals of the Arcadians that dilate not a litle of this ingent-
ous argument. In this sort did Pleusidippus draw forth his
infancie, til on a time walking to the shore, where he with
his mother were wackt, to gather cockles and pebble
stones, as childzen are wont: there arrived on the strond a
Thessalian pirate named Eurilochus, who after he had soz-
raged in the Arcadian confines, driving befoze him a large
bootie of beasts to his ships, espied this prettie infant, when
gazing on his face as wanton Ioue gazd on Phrygian Ga-
nimeide in the fields of Ida, he exhaled into his eies such
deepe impzeccion of his perfection, as that his thought ne-
uer thirsted so much after anie prey, as this prettie Pleusi-
dippus possesion: but determining first to assaie him by
curtesie befoze he assailed him with rigour, he began to trie
his wit after this maner. My little child, whence art thou,
where wert thou bozne, what is thy name, and wherefoze
wanderest thou thus al alone on the shoare? I praie yee
what are ye sir, quoth Pleusidippus, that deale thus with
me by interrogatozies, as if I were some runawaie. Wilt
thou not tel me then who was thy father? said he, Good sir,
if ye wil needs know, go aske of that my mother. He hath
said wel my Lord, quoth Romanio, who was one of his
special associates, for wise are the childzen in these daies,
that know their owne fathers, especially if they be begot-
ten in dog-daies, when their mothers are irantike in ith
loue, & yong men furious for lust. Besides, who knows not
that these Arcadians are given to take the benefit of euerie
Hodge, when they wil sacrifice their virginitie to Venus,
thogh they haue but a bush of nettles for their bed, and sure
this boie is but some shepherds bastard at the most, howso-
euer this wanton face importeth more than appearance.
Pleusidippus eies at this speech resolved into fire, and his
face in purple, with a more than common courage in chil-
dzen of his yeeres and stature, gaue him the lie roundly in
this replie, Desant, the bastard in thy face, for I am a gen-
tleman: wert thou a man in courage, as thou art a cow in
propoztion,

Greenes Arcadia

proportion, thou woldest neuer haue so much empai red the
honesty, as to derogat f. om my hono r. Look not in my face,
but leuel at my hart by this that thou seest, & therewith let
driue at him with such pebble stones as he had in his hat,
insomuch that Romania was driuen to his heeles, to shun
this sodain hail shot, & Eurilochus resolved into a laughter,
and in termes of admiration most highly extolled so excee-
ding magnanimity in so litle a bodie: which how available
it proued to the confirmation of his fancie, that was befo re
inflamed with his features, let them imagine, that haue
noted the imberility of that age, and the vnresisted furie of
men at arms. Sufficeth at this instant to vnfold (al other
circumstance of praise laid apart) that Eurilochus being far
in loue with his extraordinary lineamets, awaited no far-
ther parly, but willed his men perforce, to hoise him a ship
bord, intending as soone as euer he arriued in Thessalie,
by sending him to the Court as a present, to make peace
with his Lord and master Agenor, who not long befo re
had proclaimed him as a notorious Pilate thzoughout all
his dominions. Neither swarued he one whit frō his pur-
pose, so r no sooner had he cast anker in the Port of Hadzia-
nopolis, but he arraied him in choise silks, & Tyrian pur-
ple, and so sent him as a prize to the king of that countrie,
who walking as then in his summer garden, with his
quene the beauteous Eriphila, fel to discourse (as one well
sene in Philosophie) of hearbs and flowers, as the saueur
o r colour did occasion, and hauing spent some time in dis-
puting their medicinable properties, his lady reaching him
a Parigold, he began to moralize of it thus merily. I mer-
uel the Poets that were so prodigal in painting the amo-
rous affection of the sun to his Hyacinth, did neuer obserue
the relation of loue twirt him and the Parigold, it should
either seme they were loath to incurre the displeasure of
women, by propounding in the way of comparison any ser-
uile imitation fo r headstrong wiues, that loue no precepts
lesse, than those pertaining vnto duetie, o r that the sower
not so vsual in their gardens as ours, in her vnacquainted
name

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name did obscure the honor of her amours to Apollo, to whose motions reducing the method of her springing, she waketh and sleepeth, openeth & shutteth her golden leaves as he riseth and setteth. Well did you forestall my exception, quoth Eriphila, in terming it a servile imitation: for were the condition of a wife so slavish, as your similitude would inferre, I had as lief be your page as your spouse, your dog as your darling. Not so sweet wife, answered Agenor, but the comparison holdeth in this, that as the Parigold resembleth the sun both in colour and forme, so each mans wife ought euerie waie, to be the image of her husband, framing her countenance to smile, when she sees him disposed to mirth, and contrariwise her eyes to teares, he being surcharged with melancholy: as the Parigolde displaieth the orient ornaments of her beautie, and to the resplendant view of none but her louer Hyperion, so ought not a woman of modestie late open the allurements of her face to anie but her espoused phere, in whose absence, like the Parigold in the absence of the sunne, she ought to shut vp her dozes, and solemnize continual night, til her husband her sun making a happie return vnsealeth her silence with the toy of his sight. Welcome me, but if all flowers (quoth Eriphila) afforde such influence of eloquence to our aduerse Orators, I exempt them al from my smel, for feare they be al planted to poison. Wst haue I heard (replied Agenor) our cunning phisicians conclude, that one poison is harme-lesse to another, which if they be so, there is no cause why a thistle should feare to be stung of a nettle. I can tell you sir, you were best beware, lest in wading too far in comparisons of thistles and nettles, you exchange not your role for a nettle. If I do, quoth Agenor, it is no more but my gardener shal placke it vp by the rootes, and throw it ouer the wall as a weede. To end this iest that els would issue to a tarre, what purple flower is this in forme like a hyacinth (quoth Eriphila) so cunningly dropped with bloud, as if nature had intermedled with the Herald's art to emblazon a bleeding heart. It is the flower, into which Poets faine

Venus

Greene's Arcadia

Venus caused dying Adonis to be turned, a faire boy, but passing infortunate. Was it possible (quoth Eriphila) that ever Nature should be so bounteous to a boy, to giue him a face in despite of women so faire: faire would I see such an object, and then would I desire beautie for imparting our excellencie to any inferior abiect. In saying these words (as if fortune meant to present her fancie with her desired felicitie) Romanio conducted by one of the Lords, came with yong Pleusidippus in his hand into the priuie garden: where discoursing vnto the king the intent of Eurilochus, in presenting him with such an inestimable Iewell, the manner of his taking in the Strand of Arcadie, with other circumstances of bowed allegiance: all which being gratefully accepted of Agenor, he sealed their seuerall pardons, and so gaue them leaue to depart. But when he had thoroughly obserued euery perfection of yong Pleusidippus, he burst into these termes of passion: What sea-boyme Pontia, when an appliable eare in our tolenes, that to testifie her eternal desire, she should send vs a second Adonis to delude our senses, what euer may deserue the name, faire haue I seene before, beautie haue I beheld in his brightest orb, but neuer set eie on immortallitie before this howre. Eriphila likewise in no lesse extasie, seeing her eies to dazle with the reflex of his beautie, and her cheekes tainted with a blush of disgrace by too much gazing on his face, said: that either the sunne had left his bower to beguile their eies with a borrowed shape (which could not keep in his brightnesse) or Cupid dismounted from his mothers lap, left his bow & quier at randon, to outbraue the Thessalian dames in their beautie. In this contrarietie of thoughts, being al plunged welnigh in a speechlesse astonishment, the faire child Pleusidippus, not vsed to such hyperbolical spectators, broke off the silence, by calling for his victuals, as one whose emptie stomacke since his comming from sea, was not ouercloyed with delicates, whereat Agenor reuiued from his trance, wherein the present wonder had inuapt him, demanded such questions of his name and parentage, as the pirates

H

ignorance

Greenes Arcadia

ignorante could not unfold: but he being able to tell no more than this, that his mother was a shepheardesse, and his owne name Pleusidippus, cut off all other interrogatories, by calling after his childish maner againe for his dinner. Whereupon Agenor commanding him to be had in, and bled in euerie respect as the child of a prince, began in his solitary walke by his countenance to calculate his *passiuitie*, and measure his birth by his beautie, contracting him in thought heire to his kingdome of Thessaly, and husband to his daughter, before he knew whence the child descended, or who was his father.

But leauing yong Pleusidippus thus spending his youth in the Thessalian court, protected with the tender affection of such a curteous foster-father as Agenor, returne we where we left, backe into Arcadie, and meete his mother the faire Samela returning from the foldes: who hauing discoursed by the way as she came home to Lamedon and Menaphon what she late saw and obserued in her sonne, they both conioyned their indgements to their conclusion, that he was doubtlesse boyn to some greater fortunes than shepecotes could containe, and therefore it behoued her to further his Destinies with some good and liberall education, and not to detaine him any longer in that trade of life, which his fortune withstood: but by the way to rebuke him for tyrannizing so lordly over the boyes, lest the neighbour shepheards might happily intrude the name of iniury on them being strangers for his insulting ouer their children. With this determination came she home, and calling for Pleusidippus according to their former counsaile, he would in no wise be found. Whereupon enquire was made among all the shepheardes, diligent search in euery village, but still the most carefullest post returned with, *Non est inuentus*. Which Samela hearing, thinking she had vtterly lost him whom fortune had saued, began in this manner to act her unrest: dissembling heauen, where is your happinesse? Unconstant times, what are your triumphes? Haue you therefore hitherto fed me
with,

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with hony, that ye might at last poison me wth gall: Have
you fatted me so long with Sardenian smiles, that like the
wzack of the Syrens, I might perish in your wiles: Curs^t
that I was to affie in your courtesie, curs^t that I am to
taste of your crueltie. O Pleusidippus, liuest thou, or art
thou dead? No thou art dead, dead to the world, dead to thy
kinsfolkes, dead to Cypres, dead to Arcadie, dead to thy
mother Samela; and with thee dies the worlds wonder, thy
kinsfolks comfort, Cypres soule, Arcadies hopes, thy mo-
thers hono^{rs}. Was this the prophesie of thy soueraigntie,
to yeeld up thy life to death so vntimely? Wretched was I
of all women to bring thee forth to this infancie. O cruell
Themis that didst reuolue such vnenitiable fate, hard hear-
ted death to prosecute me with such hate. Have we therfo^re
escapt the fury of the seas, to perish on the land? was it not
enough that we were exiled from higher prosperity, but we
must al of vs thus suddenly be ouerwhelmed with y^e ouer-
flow of a second aduersity: my husband and thy father to be
swallowed in the furie of the surge, & now thou to be (and
therewith her eies distilled such abundance of teares, as
stopt the passage of her plaints, and made here seem a more
than second Niobe, bewailing her sevenfold sorow vnder
the forme of a weeping Flint.) Menaphon who had ouer-
heard her al this while, as one that sought opportunitie to
plead his vnr^{est}, perceiuing her in that extremity of agony
fo^r her sons supposed losse, stept to her presently and cheerd
her vp in these terms, fair shepherdesse, might the teares of
contrition raise the dead fro^m destruction, then were it wis-
dome to bewaile what weeping might recalke, but since such
anguish is fruitlesse, and these plainings bootlesse, comfort
your self with the hope of the living, and omit the tears fo^r
the dead. Why quoth Samela, how is it possible a woman
should lose him without grieffe, whom she hath conceived
with sorow: he was, sweet Menaphon, the deuised halfe
of my essence, soule to my ioyes, and life to my delights,
as beateous in his birth, as is our bright bow-bearing
God, that played the shepheard a while fo^r lone, am idst

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our pleasant Arcadian Dolewits. What ever he was in beu-
 tifully Metaphon, proceeded from your boemie: who
 may by marriage make his like when you please: therefore
 there is no cause why you should so much grieve to see your
 first work defaced, that of a new mold can form a far better
 than ever he was. Ah Metaphon, were more may his like
 proceed from my loynes. I tell thee he made the chamber
 bright with his beautie when he was borne, and checked the
 night with the golden raies that gleamed from his looks:
 neuer more may I be the mother of such a son. Des Samela
 (quoth the frolicke sheheard) thinke not but if thou wilt
 kiss to my loyes, I will enrich thee with as faire increase
 as ever he was. Alas poore swaine said she, thou hopest in
 vaine, since another must reape, what thou hast sowne, and
 gather into his barnes, what thou hast scattered in the fur-
 row. Another reape what I have sowne: therewith he
 scratched his head where it itcht not, and letting his cap he
 could not tell which way, in a hot sudden fume he utter-
 ed these words of fury: O trumpet of Grece, repeat thou
 my loue with this launish ingratitude: haue I therfore with
 my plentie supplied thy wants, that thou with thy pride
 shouldst procure my woe: did I releue thee in distresse, to
 wound me in thy welfare with disdain: deceitful woman
 (and therewith he swore a holiday oath, by Pan the God of
 the shepherds) either returne loue for loue, or I will turne
 thee soith of doies to scrape vp thy cruells where thou canst,
 & make thee pittied for thy pouertie, that earst while wert
 honored in euery mans eye through the supportance of thy
 beautie. Belike then quoth Samela, when you entertained
 me into your house, you did it not in regard of the lawes of
 hospitality, but only with this policy to quench the flames
 of your fancie: then sir I haue mistooke your honesty, and
 am lesse indebted to your curtesie. Nay I thought no lesse
 said Metaphon, when your stragling eye at our last mee-
 ting would be gadding throughout euery corner of our
 companie, that you would proue such a kind kistrell: but
 if you will needs be starting, I leave you thereafter I
 warrant

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Warrant you: then for which of our beards mongsters will take ye in, when I haue cast you forth. Those, said she, that countenance Menaphon and his pelfe, and are better able than your selfe: but howsoeuer I find their fauor, I henceforth desie you and your fellowship. And therewith in great rage she flung away into the next chamber, where her vncle Lamedon lay aslaepe, to whom complaining of Menaphons discourtesies, he strait inuented this remedie, there was a shepheard called Moron (brother to Doron) that not long before died of a surfet, whose house and flock being set to sale after his decease, he bought them both forth with for Samela with certaint remainder of mony he had, and therein enfeofed her managre the fury of Menaphon, who when he saw she was able to support her state without his purse, became sick for anger, & spent whole Eglogues in anguish. Sometime lying comfortlesse in his bed he would complaine him to the winde of his woes, in these or such like words: Forlorne, and forsake, since phisicke doth loathe thee, despaire be thy death, loue is a god and despiseth thee a man, fortune blind, and cannot behold thy deserts: die, die, fone Menaphon, that ungratefully hast abandoned thy mistress. And therewith stretched himselfe vpon his bed, as thinking to haue slept, he was restrained by cares that exiled al red from his eyes: whereupon taking his pipe in his hand, whilst playing and singing he plained him thus.

Menaphons song in his bed.

You restlesse cares, companions of the night,
That wrap my ioues in foldes of endlesse woes:
Tie on my heart, and wound it with your spight,
Since Loue and Fortune prooues my equall foes.

Farewell my hopes, farewell my happie daies,

Welcome sweete griefe the subiect of my laies.

Mourne heauens, mourne earth, your shepheard is forlorne,
Mourne times and howers, since bale inuades by bowre,
Curse euery tongue, the place where I was borne,
Curse euery thought, the life which makes me lowre.

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Farewel my hopes, farewel my happie daies,
Welcome sweete griefe, the subiect of my laies.

Was I not free? was I not fancies aime?
Framde not desire my face to front disdaine:
I was, she did: but now one seely maime
Makes me to droop, eas he whom loue hath slaine.

Farewell my hopes, farewell my happie daies,
Welcome sweete griefe, the subiect of my laies.

Yet drooping, and yet living to this death,
I sigh, I sue for pittie at her shrine:

Whose fierie eies exhale my vitall breath,
And make my flockes with parching heate to pine.

Farewell my hopes, farewell my happie daies,
Welcome sweete griefe, the subiect of my laies.

Fade they, die I, long may she liue to blisse,
That feedes a wanton fire with fuell of her forme:
And makes perpetuall summer where she is,
Whiles I do crie ore-took with enuies storme.

Farewell my hopes, farewell my happie daies,
Welcome sweete griefe, the subiect of my laies.

So sooner had Menaphon ended this dittie, but Pefana hearing that he was lately fallen sick, and that Samela and he were at mortall iarres, thinking to make hay while the sunne shined, and take opportunitie by his soze lockes, coming into his chamber, vnder pretence to visit him, sel into these termes: Why how now Menaphon, hath your new change giuen you to a night cap? Beleue me this is the strangest effect of loue that euer I saw, to freeze so quickly the heart, it set on fire so lately. Why may it not be a burning feuer as wel quoth Menaphon blushing: nay that can not be, said Pefana, since you shake soze cold, not swelt soze heat. Why if it be so, it is long of cold entertainment. Why said Pefana, hath your hot intertainment cooled your courage? No, but her vnderferued hate quite hindered, my conquest. You know, said Pefana, where you might haue bene let

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let in long ere this, without either assault or any such datterie. With this the shepherd was mute, and Pefana ashamed: but at length regathering his spirits to bewray his martyrdome, and make his old mistress some new musick, he strained forth this dittie.

Faire fields prowde floras vaunt, why is't you smile

when as I languish

You golden meades, why strive you to beguile

my weeping anguish

I live to sorrow, you to pleasure spring,

why do you spring thast

What will not Boreas tempests wrathfull king

take some pittie on vs?

And send forth winter in her rustie weede,

to waile my bemonings:

Whiles I distrest do tune my countrie reede

vnto my groanings

But heaven, and earth, time, place, and every power,

have with her conspired

To turne my blissefull sweete to balefull fower

since I fond desired:

The heaven, whereto my thoughts may not aspire:

aye me unhappie:

It was my fault I embrace my bane the fire,

that foreteth me die:

Mine be the paine, but hers the cruell cause

of this strange torments:

Wherefore no time my banning prayers shall pause,

till proud she repent.

Well I perceiue, said Pefana, for all she hath let you die like a haloke that hath lost her fire, yet you meane to follow suite & seruice, though you get but a handfull of smoake to the bargaine. Not so, said Menaphon, but perhaps I seek to returne an ill bargaine, as deer as I bought it. If you do so, you are wiser than this kercher she weth you, said Pefana. Much idle prattle to this end had Menaphon with Pefana in his sickness, and long it was not, but that with
god

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good diet and warme broths, (and especially by her careful attendance) he began to gather vp his strength, and listen by little and little to the loue he late scorned. He leue wethem to their equal desires, and surfeting either of others societie, and let vs looke backe to Thessalie, where Samelaes strpling (now grown vp to the age of 16. yeeres) flourish in honoꝛ and feats of arms aboue al the knights of the court, in somuch, that the echo of his fame, was th only newes talkt on thꝛoughout euery towne in Greece. But Olympia, the mistris of his pꝛowesse, soꝛ so was the kings daughter named, was she that most of all exulted in the far renowned reportes of his martiall perfections, to whose praise he did consecrate all his endeuours, to whose exquisite forme he did dedicate al his aduentures. But hell-borne fame, the eldest daughter of Erinis, enuying the felicitie of these two famous louers, dismounted citsones from her braide building buildings, and vnburdened her self of her secrets in the pꝛesence of yong Pleusippus, among whose catalogue she had not forgot to discover the incomparable beuty of the Arcadian shepheardsse, whereof the yong prince no sooner had receiued an inkling, but he stode vpon thornes till he had satisfied his desire with her sight. Therefore on a time sitting with his mistris at supper, when soꝛ table-talke it was debated amongst them, what countrey bred the most accomplished dames foꝛ all things? After strangers and others had deliuered vp their opinions without parcialitie, one amongst them al, who had bin in Arcadie, gaue vp his verdict thus freely: Gentlewomen (quoth he) Be it no disgrace foꝛ the moone to stoꝛpe to the sunne, foꝛ the starres to giue place when Titan appeeres: then I hope neither the Thessaltians wil be moued, noꝛ the Grecians agreed, if I make Apollus Arcady, beuties meridian. Neither wil I pꝛoceede herein as our philosophical poets are wont, that muste euery moner in the Zodiacke, euery fixed starre in the firmament, euery elemental vꝛsed of art in an Almanacke, to pꝛoꝛesse that countrey foꝛ beaustie most canonically when thꝛe in thꝛis abides thꝛe when ad (as we had they but

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but learned of Apelles, *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*, they would
not haue aspired aboue their birth, or talked beyond their
sowterly bzinging vp. Our Arcadian nymphs are fair and
beautiful, though not begotten of the sunnes bright rayes,
whose eyes want loues armory to the view, whose angeli-
cal faces are to the obscure erth in steed of firmament: beu-
but this counterfet (& therewithall he shewed the picture
of Samela) and see if it be not of force to draw the sun from
his sphere, or the moone from her circle, to gaze as the one
did on the beuty of Daphne, or al night contemplate as the
other on the forme of Endymion. Pleusidippus, who al this
while heard his tale with attentiu patience, no sooner be-
held the radiant glozy of this resplendant face, but as a ma
already installed in eternitie, he exclaimed thus abruptly.
O Arcady, Arcady, storehouse of nymphs, & nursery of beau-
ty. At which words Olimpia starting vp sodainly, as if she
had taken her loue in bed with Alcmena: &
ouercasting the chamber with a frowne that was able to
shackle the world with an eternal night, she made passage
to her choler in these terms of contempt: beardless vpstart
of I know not whence, haue the fauors of my bounty (not
thy desert) entred thee so deeply in ouerweening presump-
tion, that thou shouldst be the forme of derogation of our
dignity & blaspheming of my beauty? I tel thee recreant, I
scorn thy clownish Arcady with his inferior comparisons,
as one that prizeth her perfection aboue any created con-
stitution. Pleusidippus, vpon this speech stood plunged in a
great perplexitie whether he should excuse himselfe milde-
ly, or take her vp roundly: but the latter being more leuell
to his humo2 than the former, began thus to rooze vp his
fury: Disdainful dame that vpb2atdest me with my by2th
as it were base, & my youth as it were boyish: knowe that
though my parents and progeny are enuyed by obscurity,
yet the sparkes of renoume that make my eagle-minded
thoughts to mount the heavenly fire imprisoned in the pa-
nicles of my cress, inciting me to more deeds of hono2, than
stout Perseus effected with his fauchō in the fields of Hes-
peria,

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peria ascertaines my soule. I was the son of no coward, but
 a gentleman: but such my inequality of parentage, is such a
 reason to thy enuy, hold, take thy fauours (and therewith he
 threw her her gloue) & immortalize whome thou wilt with
 thy toies, for I wil to Arcadie in spite of thee, and thy affi-
 nitie, there either to seeke out mischance, or a new mistress.
 With this in a great rage he rose from the board, and wold
 haue moued himselfe to depart in that maner, had not the
 lords & gentlemen there present dissuaded him from such an
 vnadvised interprise. Neither was this unkindnes kept so
 secret, but it came to the kings eare as he was new risen
 from dinner, who for the loue he bare to Pleusidippus who
 he had honored with knighthood not long before, & for the
 toward hopes he saw in him, took paine to go to the chamber
 where they were, & finding his daughter in strange maner
 perplexed with the thought of Pleusidippus departure, her
 eyes red, and her cheeks all to be blubbered with her teares,
 he took her by in this maner. Daughter, I thought I
 had chose such a one to be the object of your eyes, as he might
 haue every way loued and honored as the lord of your life,
 & not haue controlled as the slaue of your lust. Did I ther-
 fore grace him with my countenance, that you should disdain
 him with your taunts? peruish girle, I aduise thee on my
 displeasure, either reconcile thy selfe betimes, and reforme
 thy vnreuerent termes, or I will disclaime the loue of a fa-
 ther, & deale by thee no more as a daughter. Olympia, who
 already had sufficiently bittē on the bridle, took these words
 more unkindly than all her former bitterness, which she
 digested but sowerly: neuertheless making necessity the
 present times best pollicie, she humbled her selfe as she
 might with modesty, and desired the best interpretation of
 what was past: Pleusidippus whose curteous inclination
 could not withstand his submission, in signe of reconcile-
 ment, gaue hir a *stoccado des labies*: yet was he not so recoi-
 led, but he kept on his purpose of going to Arcadie, where
 at Olympia (though she grudged inwardly, yet being loath
 to offend) held her peace, and determined to bestow vpon
 him

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him a remembrance, to herby he might be brought to think
on her in his absence, which was the deuise of a bleeding
heart floating in the sea waues, curiously stamped in gold,
with this motto about it: *portum aut mortem*, althow as it
seemd to y deuise in his shield, wherein (because it was ta-
ken vp by Eurilochus on y shore) was cunningly drawn in
a field *argent*, the sea waues with Venus sitting on the top,
in token that his affection was already settred. Where hold
this, said she, my sweet Pleusidippus, and hang it about thy
neck, that when thou art in Arcadie, it may be euer in thy
eyes so that these drops of ruth y paint out a painfull truth,
withdrow thy fancy fro attracting strange beautie: which
said, these tears gusht from her eyes, and Agenors likewise,
who gaue him nothing so much in charge, as to make hall
of his returne. Pleusidippus though he could haue bin con-
sent to haue done the like for companie, yet he had such a
mind on his iourney, that he brake off such ceremonies, and
hastened shipboard, & in a bark bound for Arcady, hauing y
wind fauorable, made a short cut, so as in a day and night
sailing, he arrived on the shore ioyning on the promontory
where he, his mother, and Lamedon were ~~at~~ ^{to} ~~waited~~ ^{watched}.
Leaue we him wandring with some few of his traine that
came with him along the sea side, to take out some towne
or village where to refresh themselves, & let vs a while to the
court of Democles, where our hystory began: who hauing
comitted his daughter with her tender babe, her husband
Maximus & Lamedon his vncle without care or mariner
to the furie of the mercilesse waues, determined to leaue y
succession of his kingdom to vncertaine chance: for his
widow Sephostiaes losse (whom she deemed to be dead) took
such thought, that within short time after she died. Demo-
cles as carelesse of all weathers, spent his time epicure like
in all kind of pleasures, that either art or expence might
afford, so as for his dissolute life he seemed another Helio-
gabalus, deuining his security from that grounded trauqui-
litie, which made it prouerbial to the world, *No heauen but
Arcadia*. Hauing spent many yeares in this variety of va-

Greene's Arcadia.

nitie, fame determining to apply her selfe to his familie, sounded in his eare the singular beuty of his daughter Samela: he althogh he were an old colt, yet had not cast al his wanton teeth, which made him vnder the byrte of being sicke of a greuous apoplexie, steale from his court secretly in the disguise of a shepheard, to come and seek out Samela, who not a little proued of her new flocke, liued more contented than if she had bin Queen of Arcadie, and Melicertus ioying not a litle that she was parted from Menaphon, vled every day to visite her without dzead, and court her in such shepheards termes as he had, which how they pleased her, I leaue to you to imagine, when as not long after she vowed marriage to him solemnly in pzelesence of all the shepheards, but not to be solemnized till the prophesie was fulfilled, mentioned in the beginning of this historie. Although this penance exceeded the limits of his patience, yet hoping that the oracle was not vttered in vain, and might as wel (albeit he knew not which way) be accomplished in him as in any other, was contented to make a vertue of necessity, and await the vtmost of his destiny. But Pleusidippus, who by this time had perfected his policies, exchanging his garments with one of the heardgrooms of Menaphon, tracing ouer the plains in the habite of a shepheard, chanced to meet with Democles as he was new come into these quarters, whom mistaking for an old shepheard, he began many impertinent questions belonging to the shepcotes, at last he asked him if he knew Samelaes shepfold, who answering doubtfully to all alike, made him halfe angry: & had not Samela passed by at that instant to fil her bottle at a spring neere the fote of the promontorie, he should like enough haue had first handsell of our new shepheards shephook. But the wonder of her beautie so wrought with his wounded fancie, that he thought report a partial speaker of her praises, and fame too base to talk of such formes. Samela espying this faire shepheard so far ouergone in his gazing, stept to him, & asked him if he knew her that he so ouerlookt her.ardon me faire shepheardesse (said Pleusidippus)

Greene's Arcadia.

dippus) if it be a fault, for I cannot chuse being Eagle sighted, but gaze on the sunne the first time I see it. And trulie I cannot chuse but compare you to one of Asops apes, that finding a Glowworme in the night, took it for fire: and you seeing a face full of deformities, mistake it for the sun. Indeed it may be mine eyes made opposite to such an object may faile in their office, having their lightes rebated by such brightnes. Nay not unlike quoth Samela, for else out of doubt you would see your way better. Why quoth Pleusidippus, I cannot go out of the way when I meet such glistering goddesses in my way. How now sir Paris, are you out of your Arithmeticke, I thinke you haue lost your wits with your eyes, that mistake Arcadie for Iba, and a sheheardesse for a goddess. How euer it please you (quoth Pleusidippus) to derogate from my prowesse by the title of Paris, know that I am not so farre out of my arithmeticke, but that by multiplication I can make two of one, in an houres warning, or be as good as a cipher to fill by a place at the worst hand, for my wit sufficeth be it neuer so simple to proue both *re* and *voce* that there can be no *vacuum in rerum natura*, and mine eyes or els they deceyue mee, will enter so farre in art, as *niger est contrarium albo*, and teach me how to discern twixt blacke and white. Much other circumstance of prattle passed betweene them, which the Arcadian records do not shew, nor I remember: sufficeth he pleaded loue, and was repulst: which droue him into such a choler, that meeting his supposed sheheard, who lying vnder a bushe had all this while ouer-heard them, he entered into such tearmes of indignation, as loue shaking his earthquaking haire, when hee sate in consultation of Licaon. Wherefore Democles perceiuing Pleusidippus repulst, who was euery way graced with the ornaments of nature, beganne to cast his bad pennyworthes, in whose face age had furrowed her wrinckles, except he should lay his crowne at her fete, and tell her hee was King of Arcadia, which in Common-wealthes respectes, seeming not commodious, he thought to turne

Greene's Arcadia. 2

a new lease, and make this young shepheard the meanes
to perfect his purpose. Hee had not farre from that place
a strong Castle, which was inhabited as then by none
but tillmen and heardgromes: thither did hee perswade
Pleusidippus to carrie her person, and affect that by con-
straint, that he could not atchieue by intreatie, who list-
ning not a little to this counsaile, that was neuer platted
for his aduantage, presently put in practise what hee of
late gaue in precepts, and waiting till the evening that
Samela should fold her sheepe, hauing giuen his men the
watch-woorde, maugre all the shepheards adioyning hee
mounted her behind him, and being by Democles directed
to the Castle, he made such haucke among the stubborne
heardsmen, that will they, nill they, he was lord of the cas-
tle. Yet might not all this preuaile with Samela, who
constant to her old shepheard, would not enterteine anie
new loue, which made Pleusidippus thinke all his harvest
lost in the reaping, and blemisht all his delights with a
mournfull drooping. But Democles that lookt for a moun-
taine of golde in a Dolehill, finding her alone, beganne
to discourse his loue in more ample manner than euer
Pleusidippus, telling her howe he was a king, what his
reuenewes were, what power hee had to aduance her,
with many other proud vaunts of his wealth, and pro-
digall tearmes of his treasure. Samela hearing the name
of a king, and perceyuing him to be her father, stood a-
mazed like Medusaes metamorphosis, and blushing oft
with intermingled sighes, beganne to thinke how inu-
rious Fortune was to her shewen in such an incestuous
father: but hee hot spurred in his purpose, gaue her no
time to deliberate, but required either a quicke consent,
or a present deniall. She tolde him, that the shepheard
Melicertus was already intitled in the interest of her
beautie, wherefore it was in vaine what he or anie other
could plead in the way of perswasion. He thereupon en-
tring into a large field of the basenesse of shepheards, and
royalties of kings, with many other assembled arguments

of

Greene's Arcadia.

of delight, that would haue fetcht Venus from her sphere
to disport: but Samella whose mouth could digest no other
meate saue only her sweete Melicertus, ashamed so long to
hold parley with her father about such a matter, flung a-
way to her withdrawing chamber in a dissembled rage,
and there after her wonted manner bewailed her misfor-
tunes.

Democles plunged thus in a labyrinth of restless passi-
ons, seeing Melicertus figure was so deeply printed in the
center of her thoughtes, as neither the resolution of his
fancie, his Metamorphosis from a king to a trauellet,
Crownes, kingdomes, preferments, (batteries that some
ouerthrow the fortreffe of womens fantasies) when De-
mocles I say, saw that none of these could remoue Samel-
la, hearing that the Arcadian shepherds were in an up-
rore for the losse of their beautifull shepherdesse, his hote
loue changing to a bird of coy disdain, he intended by some
reuenge, either to obtaine his loue, or satisfie his hate:
whereupon thoroughly resolved, he stole away secretly in
his shepherds apparel, and got him downe to the plaine,
where he found all the swaies in a mutinie about the re-
couerie of their beautifull paragon. Democles stepping
amongst the route, demaunded the cause of their contro-
uersie. Mary sir, quoth Doron bluntly, the flower of all our
garland is gone. How meane you that sir, quoth he? What
had, answered Doron, an Ewe amongst our Rams, whose
fleece was as white as the hairens that growe on father
Boreas chin, or as the dangling deadwlap of the siluer Bull,
her front curled like to the Erimanthian Boare, and span-
gled like the worsted stockings of Saturne, her face like
Mars treading vpon the milke white cloudes: beleene mee
shepherd, her eies were like the fiery torches tilting a-
gainst the moone: this paragon, this none such, this Ewe,
this mistris of our flockes, was by a wily ffore stolne from
our folds, for which these shepherds assemble themselves to
reouer to wealthy a prize. What is he quoth Menaphon
that Doron is in such debate with: fellow canst thou tell
vs

Greenes Arcadia.

As any newes of the faire shepherdesse, that the knight of
Thessalie hath caried away from her fellow nymphes. De-
mocrates thinking to take oportunitie by the forehead, and
seeing Time had seathzed his bolt, willing to assay as he
might to hit the marke, began thus. Shepheards you see
my profession is your trade, and although my wandring
fortunes be not like your home-born fauours, yet were I in
the groues of Thessalian Tempe, as I am in the plains of
Arcadie, the swaines would giue me as many due honours,
as they present you here with submisle reuerence. Beautie
that drew Apollo from heauen to play the sheheard, that
fetcht Ioue from heauen to beare the shape of a bul for A-
genors daughter, & excellence of such a metaphysicall ver-
tue, I mean (shepheards) the same of your faire Samela, ho-
nering in the eares of euery man as a miracle of nature,
brought me from Thessaly to feed mine eyes with Arcadies
wonder: stepping alongst the shore to come to some shepe-
coate where my weary limmes might haue rest, & thus that
for my labours thought to lead me to fancies pavillion, & not
my conduct to a castle, where a Thessalian knight lies in
hold, the Portcullis was let downe, the bridge drawn the
court of gard kept, thither I went, & for by my tong I was
known to be a Thessalian, I was entertained and lodged:
the knight whose yeares are yong, and valure matchlesse,
holding in his armes a ladie more beautifull than Loues
Queen, al blubbed with tears, asked me many questions,
which as I might I replied vnto: but while he talkt, mine
eye surfeiting with such excellence, was detained vpon the
gloious shew of such a wonderful obiect: I demaied what
she was, of the standers by, and they said she was the faire
shepherdesse whom the knight has taken from the swains
of Arcadie, and would carie with the first wind that serued
into Thessaly: this (shepheards) I know, and grieue that
thus your loues should be ouermatcht with fortune, and
your affections puld backe by contrariety of Destinie, Me-
lecetus hearing this, the fire sparkling out of his eyes be-
gan thus, I tell the sheheard, if fates with their force,
pointing

Greenes Arcadia

pointing pencils did pen down, or fortune with her deepest
varietie resolute, or loue with his greatest power determine
to deprive Arcadia of the beautiful Samela, we would with
our blond signe down such spels on the Plains, that either
our gods should summon her to Elizium, or she the rest with
quiet & fortunate: thou seest the shepherds are vp in armes
to reuenge, only it rests who shal haue the hono^r and prin-
cipalitie of the field. What needes that question quoth Me-
naphon, am not I the kings shepheard, and chiefe of al the
bordering swains of Arcadie? I grant, quoth Melicertus,
but I am not a gentleman; though tired in shepherdes
skincote, superio^r to thee in birth, though equal now in pro-
fession. Well, from words they had fallen to blows, had not
the shepherds parted them, and so, the aboiding of farther
troubles, it was agreed that they should in two Egloges
make description of their loue: and Democles, so he was a
stranger, to sit Censor, and who best could decipher his mi-
stris perfection, should be made general of the rest. Mena-
phon and Melicertus condescended to this motion, and De-
mocles sitting as a iudge, the rest of the shepherdes stan-
ding as witnesses of his combate, Menaphon began thus.

Menaphons Eglogue.

Too weake the wit, too slender is the braine,
That meanes to marke the power and worth of loue:
Not one that liues (except he hap to proue)
Can tell the sweete, or tell the secret paine.

Yet I that haue beene prentice to the griefe,
Like to the cunning sea-man from afarre:
By gesse wil talk the beautie of that starre,
Whose influence must yeeld me chiefe reliefe.

You Censors of the glory of my deare,
With reuerence, and lowly bent of knee:
Attend and marke what her perfections be,
For in my words my fancies shall appeare.

Her lockes are pleighted like the fleece of wooll,
That Iason with his Grecian mates atchiu'de:

Greenes Arcadia

As pure as gold, yet not from gold deriue,
As full of sweetes, as sweete of sweetes is full.

Her browes are prettie tables of conceit,
Where loue his records of delight doth quate:
On them her dallying lockes do daily floate,
As loue full oft doth feede vpon the baite.

Her eies, faire eies, like to the purest lights
That animate the sunne, or cheere the day:
In whom the shining sun-beames brightly play,
Whiles fancie doth on them diuine delights.

Her cheekes like ripened lillies steeped in wine,
Or faire Pomegranade kernels walke in milke:
Or snow white threds, in nets of crimson silke,
Or gorgeous cloudes vpon the sunnes decline.

Her lips like roses ouerwalke with dew,
Or like the purple of *Narcissus* flower:
No frost their faire, no wind doth waste their power,
But by her breath her beauties do renew.

Her cristall chin like to the purest mold,
Enchac'd with dainties daisies soft and white:
Where fancies faire pavilion once is pight,
Whereas imbrac'd his beauties he doth hold.

Her necke like to an iuorie shining towre,
Wherethrough with azure veines sweete *Nectar* runnes,
Or like the downe of swannes where *Senesse* wonnes,
Or like delight that doth it selfe deuoure.

Her pappes are like faire apples in the prime,
As round as orient pearles, as soft as downe:
They neuer vaile their faire through winters frowne,
But from their sweetes Loue suckt his summer time.

Her bodies beauties best esteemed bowre,
Delicious, comely, dainie, without stains:

Greenes Arcadia

The thought whereof (not touch) hath wrought my paine,
Whose faire, all faire and beauties doth deuoure.

Her maiden wount, the dwelling house of pleasure,
Not like, for why no like surpasseth wonder:
O blest is he may bring such beauties vnder,
Or search by fute the secrets of that treasure,

Deuour'd in thought, how wanders my deuice,
What rests behind I must diuine vpon?
Who talkes the best, can say but fairer none:
Few words well coucht do most content the wise.

All you that heare, let not my silly stile,
Condemne my zeale: for what my tongue should say
Serues to inforce my thoughts to seeke the way
Whereby my woes and cares I do beguile.

Selde speaketh Loue, but sighes his secret paines,
Teares are his truce-men, words do make him tremble:
How sweet is loue to them that can dissemble,
In thoughts and looks, till they haue reapt the gaines!

Alonely I am plaine, and what I say
I thinke, yet what I thinke tongue cannot tell:
Sweet Censors take my silly worst for well:
My faith is firme, though homely be my lay,

After the haples Menaphon had in this homelie dis-
course shadowed his heauenly delight, the shepheard Me-
licertus after some pause began in this sort.

Melicertus Eglogue.

What need compare where sweet exceeds compare?
Who drawes his thoughts of loue from senseles things,
Their pompe and greatest glorie doth impaire,
And mount Loues heauen with ouer-leaden wings.

Stones, hearbes, and flowers, the foolish spoiles of earth,
Flouds, mettals, colours, dalliance of the eie:
These shew conceit is stand with too much death:

Greenes Arcadia

Such abstract fond compares make cunning die.

But he that hath the feeling tast of loue,

Deriues his essence from no earthly toy:

A weake conceit his power cannot approoue,

For earthly thoughts are subiect to annoy.

Be whist, be still, be silent Censors now,

My fellow swaine has told a prettie tale,

Which moderne Poets may perhaps allow,

Yet I condemne the tearmes, for they are stale.

Apollo when my mistres first was borne

Cut off his locks, and left them on her head,

And said, I plant these wires in Natures scorne,

Whose beautie shall appeare when Time is dead.

From forth the Christall heauen, when she was made,

The puritie thereof did taint her brow:

On which the glistering sunne that sought the shade,

Can set, and there his glories doth auow.

Those eies, faire eies too faire to be describde,

Were those that earst the Chaos did reforme:

To whom the heauen their beauties haue ascribde,

That fashion life in man, in beast, in worme.

When first her faire delicious cheekes were wrought,

Aurora brought her blush, the Moone her white:

Both so combinde as passed natures thought,

Compilde those prettie orbes of sweet delight.

When Loue and Nature once were proud with play,

From both their lips her lips the corall drew:

On them doth fancie sleepe, and euerie day

Doth swallow ioy such sweet delights to view.

Whilome, while *Venus* sonne did seeke a bowre,

To sport with *Psiches* his desired deare,

He chose her chin, and from that happie stowre,

He neuer stints in glorie to appeare,

Desires

Greenes Arcadia

Defines and ioyes that long had serued Loue,
Besought a hold, where prettie eies might woo them:
Loue made her necke, and for their best behoue
Hath shut them there, whence no man can vndo them.

Once *Venus* dreamt vpon two prettie things,
Her thoughts they were affections chiefeft nests:
She suckt and sighde, and bathde her in the springs,
And when she wakt, they were my mistres breasts.

Once *Cupid* sought a hold to couch his kisses,
And found the bodie of my best beloude:
Wherein he closde the beautie of his blessing,
And from that bowre can neuer be remoude.

The graces earst, when *Alcedelian* springs
Were waxen drie, perhaps did find her fountaine
Within the bale of blisse, where *Cupids* wings
Do shield the Nectar fleeing from the mountaine.

No more fond man: things infinite I see
Brooke no dimension: hell a foolish speech,
For endlesse things may neuer talked be,
Then let me liue to honour and beseech.

Sweet Natures pompe, if my deficient phraze
Hath stained thy glories by too little skill,
Yeeld pardon though mine eie that long did gaze,
Hath left no better patterne to my quill.

I will no more, no more will I detaine
Your listning eares with daliance of my tongue:
I speake my ioyes, but yet conceale my paine,
My paine too olde, although my yeares be yong.

As soone as Melicertus had ended this eglogue, they expected the come of Democles, who hearing the swete description, wherein Melicertus described his mistris, wondered that such rare conceits could be harboured vnder a shepheards gray clothing, at last he made this answer. Ar-
cadian

Greene's Arcadia

cadian swains, whose wealth is content, whose labours are tempered with sweete loves, whose mindes aspire not, whose thoughts brooke no enuie, onely as riuals in affection, you are friendly emulators in honest fancy: sith fortune (as enemy to your quiet) hath rest you of your faire shepherdesse (the worlds wonder, & Arcadies miracle) and one of you as champion must leade the rest to reuenge, both desirous to shew your valour as your forwardnes in affection, & yet (as I said) one to be whole chieftain of the train, I award to Melicertus that honour (as to him that hath most curiously portraied out his mistresse excellencie) to beare the sole rule & supremacy. At this Menaphon grudget, & Melicertus was in an extacie for ioy, so that gathering al his forces together of stout head-strong clownes amounting to the number of some 200. he apparelled himself in armour, colour sables, as mourning for his mistress: in his shield he had figured the waues of the sea, Venus sitting on them in the height of all her pride. Thus marched Melicertus forward with olde Democles, the supposed shepheard till they came to the Castle where Pleusidippus and his faire Samela were resident. As soone as they came there, Melicertus begirt the Castle with such a siege, as so many shepish cavaliers could furnish: which when he had done, summoned them in the Castle to parley: the young knight stept vpon the wals, and seeing such a crew of base companions, with iackets and rustie bills on their backs, fell into a great laughter, and began to taunt them thus. Why what strange metamorphosis is this? Are the plains of Arcadie, whilome filled with labourers, now overlayde with launces? Are sheepe transfozmed into men, swaines into souldiers, and a wandring companie of poore shepheards, into a worthe troupe of resolute champions: no doubt, either Pan meanes to play the god of warre, or else these be but such men as rose of the teeth of Cadmus. Now I see the beginning of your warres, and the pretended end of your stratagems: the shepheards hauing a madding humour like the Greeces to seek for the recouerie of Helena, so you

Greenes *Arcadia*

you for the regaining of your faire Samela. Here she is, shepherds, & I a Priam to defend her with resistance of a ten yeers siege, yet for I were loath to haue my castle sackt like Troy, I pray you tel me, which is Agamemnon? Melicertus hearing the youth speake thus proudly, hauing the sparks of honor fresh vnder the cinders of pouerty, incited with loue & valor, (two things to animate the most dauidard I her sites to enter combate against Hercules) answered thus: Unknowne yonger of Thessalie, if the feare of thy hardy deeds, were like the diapason of thy threats, we would thinke the castle of longer siege, than either our ages would permit, or our valour aduenture: but where the shelle is most shallow, there the water breaks most high, emptie vessels haue the highest sounds, hollow rockes the lowdest echoes, & prattling glozifiers the smallest performance of cozage: for prooue whereof, seeing thou hast made a rape of fair Samela, one of her beloued shepherds is come for the safetie of her sweete selfe to challenge thee to single combat: if thou overcome me, thou shalt freely passe with the shephcardesse to Thessaly, if I vanquish thee, thou shalt feele the burden of thy rashnesse, and Samela the sweetnesse of her libertie. Pleusidippus maruelled at the resolution of the shepheard: but when Democles heard how if he won, she should be transported into Thessaly, a world of sorowes tumbled in his discontented braine, that he hammered in his head by many means to stay the faire Samela: for when Pleusidippus in a great choller was ready to throw down his gantlet, & to accept of the combate, Democles stept vp, and spake thus: worthy mirrors of resolved magnanimitie, whose thoughts are aboue your fortunes, and whose valour more than your reuenues, know that bitches that puppie in haste bring forth blind whelpes, that there is no herb sooner sprung vp than the Spattarmia, nor sooner faded; that fruits too soone ripe are quickly rotten; that deeds done in haste are repented at leisure: then braue men in so weightie a cause, and for the conquest of so excelent a paragon, let not one minute begin and end the quarrel, but like

Fabius

Greene's *Arcadia*

Fabius of Rome vsē delay in such dangerous exploits, whē honoꝝ sits on wreathes of laurel to giue the victoꝝ his garland: defer it some 3. daies, and then in solemne maner end the combate. To this good motion, not only Pleusidippus & Melicertus agreed, but all the company were consenting, & vpon pledges of truce giuen, they rested. But Democles seeing in couert he could not conquer, and that in despairing loues secrecie was no salue, he dispatcht letters to the nobilitie of his court, with strait charge that they should be in that place within thre daies with 10000. strong. This newes came no sooner to the general of his forces, but leauing so many approued souldiers, he marched secretly by night to the place Democles in his letters had prescribed, and there ioyfully entertained by the king, they were placed in ambush ready when the signall should be giuen to issue out of the place, & perfoꝝme their soveraignes command. Well the third day being come, no sooner did Titan arise from the waterie couch of his lemmā, but these two champions were ready in the lists, accompanied with the rowt of al the Arcadian shepheards, & old Democles whom they had appointed foꝝ one of the Judges. Pleusidippus seeing Melicertus aduance on his shield the waues of the sea with a Venus sitting vpon them, marvelled what the shepheard shuld be that gaue this arms, & Melicertus was as much amazed to see a strange Thessalian knight vaunt his armes without difference: yet being so fraught with direful reuenge, as they scoꝝned to salute ech other so much as with threats, they fel toughly to blowes. Samela standing on top of a turret, & viewing the combat, the poꝝe lady griewing that foꝝ her cause such a stratagem should arise in Arcady, her countenance ful of soꝝow, & floods of teares falling from her eies, she began to breathe out her passion. Unfoꝝtunate Samela, boꝝn to mishaps, and foꝝepointed to sinistꝝ foꝝtunes, whose blooms were repined to mischance, & whose fruit is like to wither with dispaire, in thy youth late discontent pruning herself on thy foꝝehead, now in thy age soꝝow hides hꝝr selfe amongst the wrinkles of thy face: thus

Greenes Arcadia.

thus art thou infortunate in the prime, and crossed with contrary accidents in thy antunne, as haplesse as Helena to haue the burden of wars laid on the wings of thy beautie. And who must be the champion? Whose sword must pierce the helme of thine enemy? Whose blood must purchase the freedom of Samela, but Melicertus: if he conquer, then Samela triumphs, as if she had bene chiefe victor in the Olympiades, if he lose, euery droppe falling from his wounds into the centre of his thoughts, as his death to him, so shal it be to me, the ends of my loues, my life, and my libertie. As stil she was about to go forward in her passion, the trumpet sounded, and they sel to fight in such furious sort, as the Arcadians and Democles himselfe wondered to see the courage of the shepheard, that he tied the knight to such a soze taske. Pleusidippus likewise feeling an extraordinary kind of force, and seeing with what courage the knight of the shepherds fought, began to coniecture diuersly of the waues, & to feare the euent of the combat. On the contrary part, Melicertus halfe wearied with the heauy blowes of Pleusidippus, stood in a maze how so yong a wag should be so expert in his weapon. Thus debating diuersly in their senerall thoughts, at length being both weary, they stept back, and leaning on their swords, tooke breath, gazing ech vpon other. At last Pleusidippus burst into these speeches. Shepheard in life, though now a gentleman in armes, if thy degree be better, I glory, I am not disgraced with the combate: tel me, how darest thou so far wrong me, as to weare mine armes on thy shield? Pinrockes (quoth Melicertus) thou liest, they be mine own, and thou contrary to the lawe of Armes bearest my crest without difference, in which quarrell, seeing it concerneth my honour, I will reuenge it as farre as my loues: and with that he gaue such a charging blow at Pleusidippus helme, that he had almost ouerturned him: Pleusidippus lest not the blow vrequited, but doubled his force: insomuch that the hazard of the battell was doubtfull, and both of them were faine to take breath againe. Democles seeing his
L time,

Greenes Arcadia.

time, that both of them were so weakened, gaue the watch-
word, and the ambush leapt out, slaughtered many of the
shepheards, put the rest to flight, tooke the two champions
prisoners, and sacking the Castle, carried them and the
faire Samela to his court : letting the shepheardesse haue
her libertie, but putting Melicertus and Pleusidippus into
a deepe and darke dungeon.

Where leauing these passionate Louers in this Cata-
strophe, againe to Doron the homely blunt Shephearc:
who hauing bene long enamored of Carmela, much good
woeing past betwixt them, and yet little speeding : at last,
both of them met hard by the Promontorie of Arcadie, she
leading forth her sheepe, and he going to see his new yeand
lambes. As soone as they met, breaking a few quarter
blowes with such countrie glaunces as they could, they
geerd one at another louingly. At last Doron manfully be-
gun thus.

Carmela, by my troth good morow, it is as daintie to see
you abroad, as to eate a messe of swete milke in Iulie: you
are proued such a house doue of late, or rather so good a hus-
wife, that no man may see you vnder a couple of Capons,
the church-yard may stand long enough ere you will come
to looke on it, and the piper may begge, for euery pennie he
gets out of your purse : but it is no matter, you are in loue
with some stout ruffler, and yet worse folkes, such as I am,
must be content with porredge : and with that, turning
his backe, he smiled in his sleeue to see how kindly he had
giuen her the bob: which Carmela seeing, she thought to be
euen with him thus.

Indeed Doron you say wel, it is long since we met, and
our house is a grange house with you: but we haue tied vp
the great dog, and when you come you shal haue greene ru-
shes you are such a stranger: but it is no matter, some hote,
some cold, he that mingles him selfe with drasse, the hogges
wil eat him: and she that laies her loue on an unkind man,
shal find sorow enough to eate her soppes withall. And
with that Carmela was so full stomackt that she wept.

Doron

Greenes Arcadia.

Doron to shew himselfe a naturall young man, gaue her a few kind kisses to comfort her, and sware that she was the woman he loned best in the whole world, and for proue (quoth he) thou shalt heare what I will praise: and you (quoth she) what I will performe. And so taking hande in hand, they kindly sate them downe, and began to discourse their loues in these Eglogues.

*Dorons Eglogues ioyned with
Carmelaes.*

Sit downe *Carmela* here are cubs for kings,
Sloes blacke asicat, or like my Christmas shoes,
Sweet Sidar which my leathren bottle brings:
Sit downe *Carmela*, let me kis thy toes.

Carmela.

Ah *Doron*, ah my heart, thou art as white
As is my mothers Calfe, or brinded Cow,
Thine eies are like the flow wormes in the night,
Thine haire resemble thickest of the snow.

The lines within thy face are deepe and cleere,
Like to the furrowes of my fathers waine:
Thy sweate vpon thy face doth oft appeare,
Like to my mothers fat and kitchin gaine.

Ah leaue my toe and kisse my lips my loue,
My lips are thine, for I haue giuen them thee:
Within thy cap tis thou shalt weare my gloue,
At foot-ball sport thou shalt my champion be.

Doron.

Carmela deare, euen as the golden ball
That *Venus* got, such are thy goodly eies,
When cherries iuice is iumbled therewithall,
Thy breath is like the steame of apple-pies.

Thy lips resemble to Cowcumbers faire,
Thy teeth like to the tusks of fattest swine:
Thy speech is like the thunder in the ayre,
Would God thy toes, thy lips, and al were mine.

Greenes Arcadia

Carmela.

Doron, what thing doth moue this wishing griefe?

Doron.

Tis Loue *Carmela*, ah tis cruell Loue:
That like a slaue, and catiue villaine theefe,
Hath cut my throate of ioy for my behoue.

Carmela.

Where was he borne?

Doron.

In faith I know not where,
But I haue heard much talking of his dart:
Aye me poore man, with many a trampling teare,
I feele him wound the forchearse of my heart.

What do I loue? O no, I do but talke,
What shal I die for loue? O no, not so:
What am I dead? O no my tongue doth walke,
Come kisse *Carmela*, and confound my woe.

Carmela.

Euen with this kisse, as once my father did,
I seale the sweete indentures of delight,
Before I breake my vow, the Gods forbid,
No not by day, nor yet by darksome night.

Doron.

Euen with this Garland made of Holly-hockes,
I crosse thy browes from euery shepheards kisse:
Heigh ho, how glad am I to touch thy lockes,
My frolicke heart euen now a free man is.

Carmela.

I thank you *Doron*, and wil thinke on you,
I loue you *Doron*, and will winke on you:
I seale your chapter patent with my thumbs,
Come kisse and part for feare my mother comes.

Thus ended this merrie Eglogue betwixt *Doron* and
Carmela: which (Gentlemen) if it be stust with prettie Si-
milies and farre fetcht Metaphors, thinke the poore coun-
treys Louers knewe no further comparisons than came
within

Greenes Arcadia.

within compasse of their countrey Logicke. Well, thus a
good world when such simplicitie was vled, sayes the olde
women of our time, when a ring of a rush would tie as
much Loue together as a Gimmion of gold: but Gentle-
men, since we haue talkt of Loue so long, you shal giue me
leane to shew my opinion of that foolish fancie, thus.

Sonetto.

What thing is loue? It is a power diuine,
That raignes in vs, or else a wreakfull law:
That doomes our mindes to beautie to incline,
It is a starre, whose influence doth draw
Our hearts to loue dissembling of his might,
Till he be master of our hearts and sight.

Loue is a discord and a strange diuorce
Betwixt our sense and reason, by whose power
As mad with reason we admit that force,
Which wit or labour neuer may deuoure.

It is a will that brooketh no consent:

It would refuse, yet neuer may repent.

Loue's a desire, which for to wait a time,

Doth loose an age of yeares, and so doth passe

As doth the shadow seuered from his prime,

Seeming as though it were, yet neuer was:

Leauing behind nought but repentant thoughts

Of daies ill spent, for that which profit noughts.

It's now a peace, and then a sodaine warre,

A hope confusde before it is concei'd,

At hand it feares, and menaceth a farre,

And he that gaines is most of all decei'd:

It is a secret hidden and not knowen,

Which one may better feeble than write vpon.

Thus Gentlemen haue you heard my verdit in this So-
netto: now will I returne to Doron and Carmela, who not
seeing her mother come, fell againe to a few homely kisses,
and thus it was.

After they had thus amourosly ended their Eglogues,
they plighted faith and troth, & Carmela very briskly wi-

ping

Greenes Arcadia.

ping her mouth with a white apzon, sealed it with a kisse, which Doron taking marvellous kindly, after a litle playing loath to depart, they both went about their businesse. Leaving them befoze to their businesse, againe to Democles, who seeing no intreaties would serue to perswade Samela to loue, neither the hope of the Arcadian crowne, nor the title of a Queene, lastly assaied with frowns & threats, but all in vaine: for Samela first restrained by nature in that he was her father, and secondly by loue, in that Melicertus lay imprisoned onely for her sake, stood still so stiffe to her tackling, that Democles chaunging Loue into hate, resolved to reuenge that with death, which no meanes els might satisfie: so that to colour his frauds withall, he gaue Samela free license to visite Melicertus: which shee had not long done, but that by the instigation of the old king, the gailor confederate to his trecherie, accuseth her of adulterie: wherupon without further witnes they both were condemned to die. These two leuers knowing themselves guiltlesse in this surmised faction, were ioyfull to end their loues with their liues, and so to conclude all in a fatall and finall content of minds and fashions. But Democles, set free Pleusidippus, as afraide the king of Thessalie would reuenge the wrong of his knight, intertaining him with sumptuous banquets, as befitted so braue and wortie a Gentleman. The day came pzeixed, wherein these parties should die, Samela was so desirous to end her life with her friend, that she would not reueale either vnto Democles or Melicertus what she was, and Melicertus rather chose to die with his Samela, then once to name himself Maximus. Both thus resolved, were brought to the place of execution: and Pleusidippus sitting on a scaffold with Democles, seeing Samela come forth like the blush in the morning, felt an vnquoth passion in his mind, & nature began to enter combat with his thoughts, not loue, but reuerence, not fancy, but feare began to assaile him, that he turned to the king, & said: Is it not pittie Democles, such diuine beautie should be wrapt in cinders: No quoth Democles. where the anger
of

Greene's Arcadia.

of a king must be satisfied. At this answer Pleusidippus
wapt his face in his cloke and wept, and al the assistants
griued to see so faire a creature subiect to the violent rage
of Fortune. Wel Democles commanded the deathman
to do his deuoyze, who kneeling downe and crauing par-
don ready to giue Melicertus the fatall stroake, there stept
out an olde woman attired like a prophetesse, who cried
out, villaine hold thy hand, thou wrongst the daughter
of a king. Democles hearing the outcrie, and seeing that at
that word the people began to mutinie & murmur, deman-
ded of y^e old woman what she meant. Now quoth she, De-
mocles, is the Delphean oracle perfozmed, Neptune hath
yeelded vp the worlds wonder, and that is yong Pleusidip-
pus nephew to thee, and sonne to faire Sephestia, who here
standeth vnder the name of Samela, cast vpon the promon-
toire of Arcadia with her yong sonne, where she as a shep-
heardesse hath liued in labors tempred with loues, her son
playing on the shore, was conueied by certain pirates into
Thessaly, where (whenas he was supposed euery way to
be dead) doing deeds of chivalrie, he fulfilled the prophecie:
your highnesse giuing the Lion, were guid vnto the lambs
in dissembling your selfe a shepheard: planets resting vpon
the hills, was the picture of Venus vpon their crests: and the
seas that had neither ebbe nor tide, was the combat twixt
the father and the son, that gaue the wanes of the seas in
their shields, not able to vanquish one another, but parting
with equall victorie. For know (Democles) this Melicertus
is Maximus, twice betrothed to Sephestia, and father to
yong Pleusidippus: now therefore the Oracle fulfilled, is
the happie time wherein Arcadie shal rest in peace. At this
the people gaue a great shout, and the old woman vanished.
Democles as a man rauisht with an extasie of sodain ioy,
sate stil, and stared on the face of Sephestia: Pleusidippus
in al dutie leapt from his seate, and went and couered his
mother with his robe, crauing pardon for the fondnesse of
his incestuous affection: & kneeling at his fathers foete sub-
mitted, in that he had drawne his sword, and sought his life
that

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that first in this world gaue him life. Maximus first lookt
on his wife, and seeing by the lineaments of her face, that
it was Sephestia, set about her neck, and had her there
wrapping in the bosome of their sonne, she came for ioy to see
him so bzaue a Gentleman. Democles all this while sitting
in a trauince, at last calling his senses together, seeing his
daughter reuiued, whom so cruelly for the loue of Maxi-
mius hee had banished out of his confines, Maximus in
safety, and the child a matchlesse paragon of appoynted chi-
ualrie, he leapt from his seate, and imbraced them all with
teares, crauing pardon of Maximus and Sephestia: and
to shew that the outward obiect of his waterie cies had a
simpathe with the inward passion of his heart, he impallid
the head of his yong neww Pleusidippus with the crown
and diadem of Arcadie: and for that his brother Lamedon
had in all distresse, not left his daughter Sephestia, he toke
the matter so kindly, that he reconciled himselfe vnto him,
and made him duke in Arcadie. The successe of this fore-
rehearsed Catastrophe growing so comicall, they all con-
cluded after the festiuall solemnizing of the coronation
(which was made famous with the excellent daides of ma-
ny worthie caualliers) to passe into Thessalie, to contract
the marriage betwixt Pleusidippus, and the daughter of
the Thessalian king. Which newes spread through Arca-
die as a wonder, that at last it came to Menaphons eares:
who hearing the high parentage of his supposed Samela,
seeing his passions were too aspiring, and that with the Sp-
rian wolues he barked agaynst the moone, he left such let-
tice as were too fine for his lips, and courted his olde loue
Pefana, to whom shortly after he was married. And lest
there should be left any thing vnperfect in this pa-
stoall accident, Doron smudged himselfe vp,
and iumped a marriage with his olde
friend Carmela.

FINIS.



